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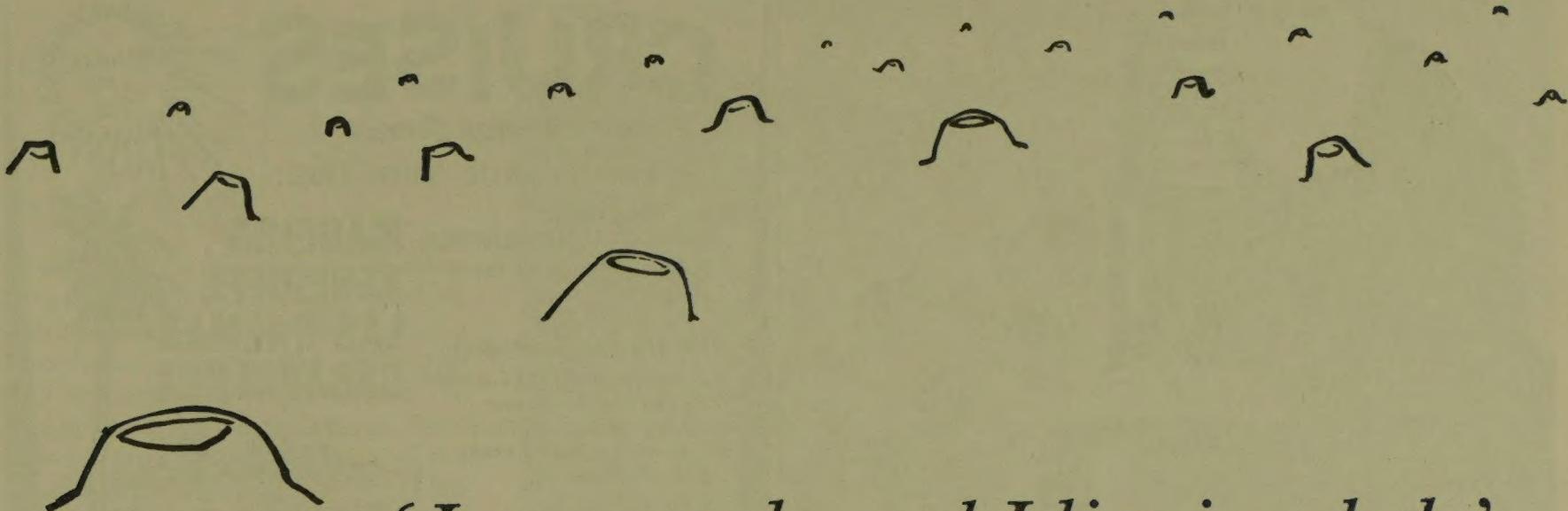
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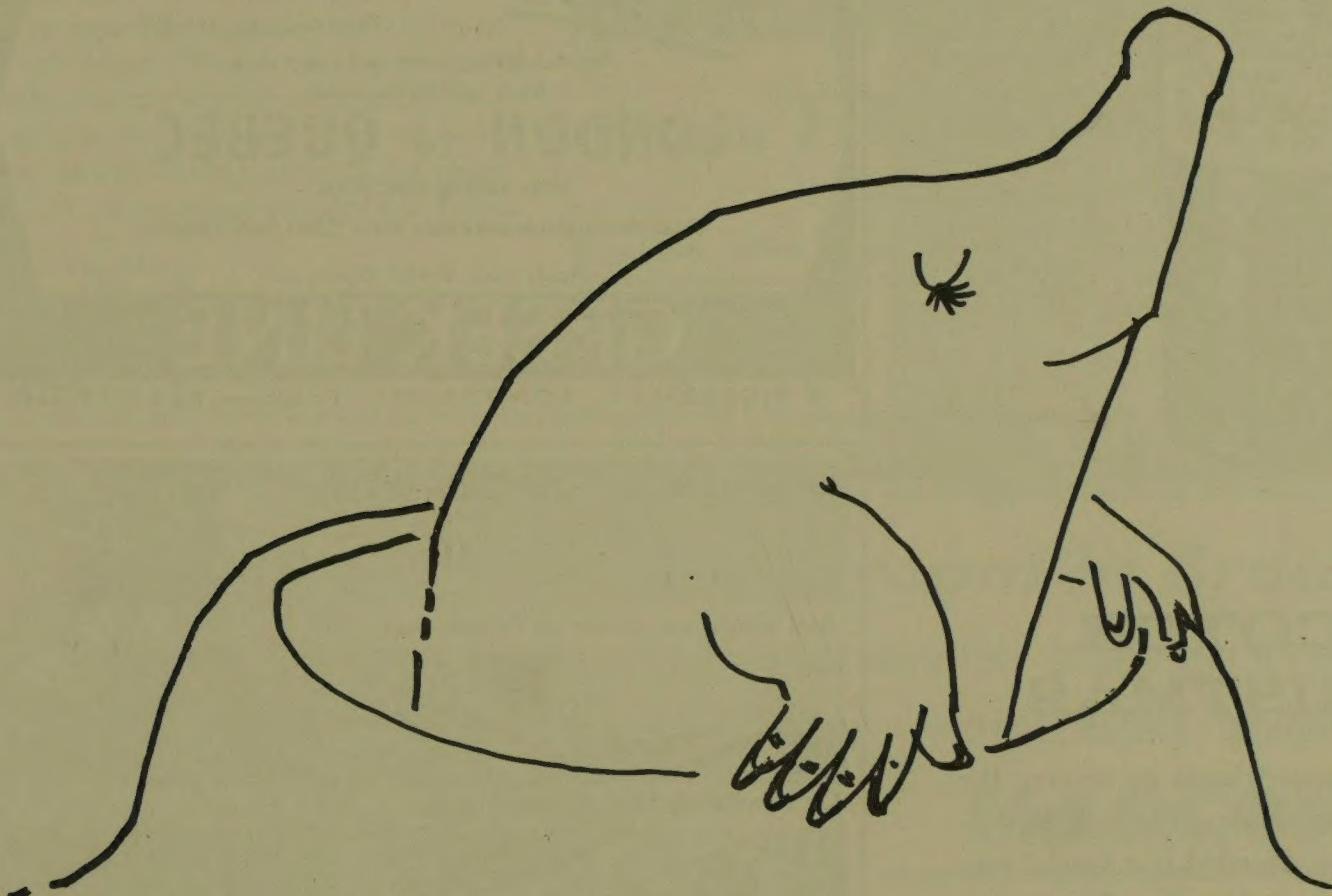
# life's simple pleasures

Few of life's simple pleasures are so freely available as that which comes from feeding birds. In country garden or city square, you have but to scatter your crumbs and, in a trice, your guests are there. Now this, when you come to think of it, is a little odd. Nobody supposes that a slightly passé bridge roll forms any part of any bird's natural diet, yet such delicacies are accepted with apparent satisfaction. And, on our side of the table, we are often so inadequately informed about our guests, that we do not even know their names. Why, then, does so haphazard an operation give us so much pleasure? We think the answer is that it satisfies our deep-rooted instinct to 'do something' for those who are smaller and more defenceless than ourselves. In another sphere, this same instinct has prompted thousands of people to enlist the friendly and expert help of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company in planning the future welfare of those who depend upon them. The resulting peace of mind could easily be yours. It is only necessary to ask your Midland Bank Manager to place you in touch with the . . .





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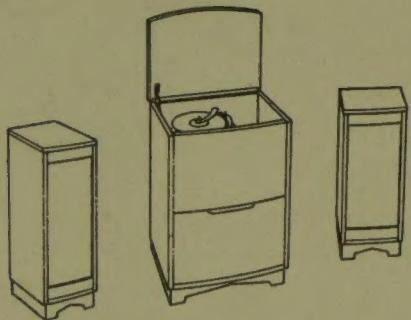
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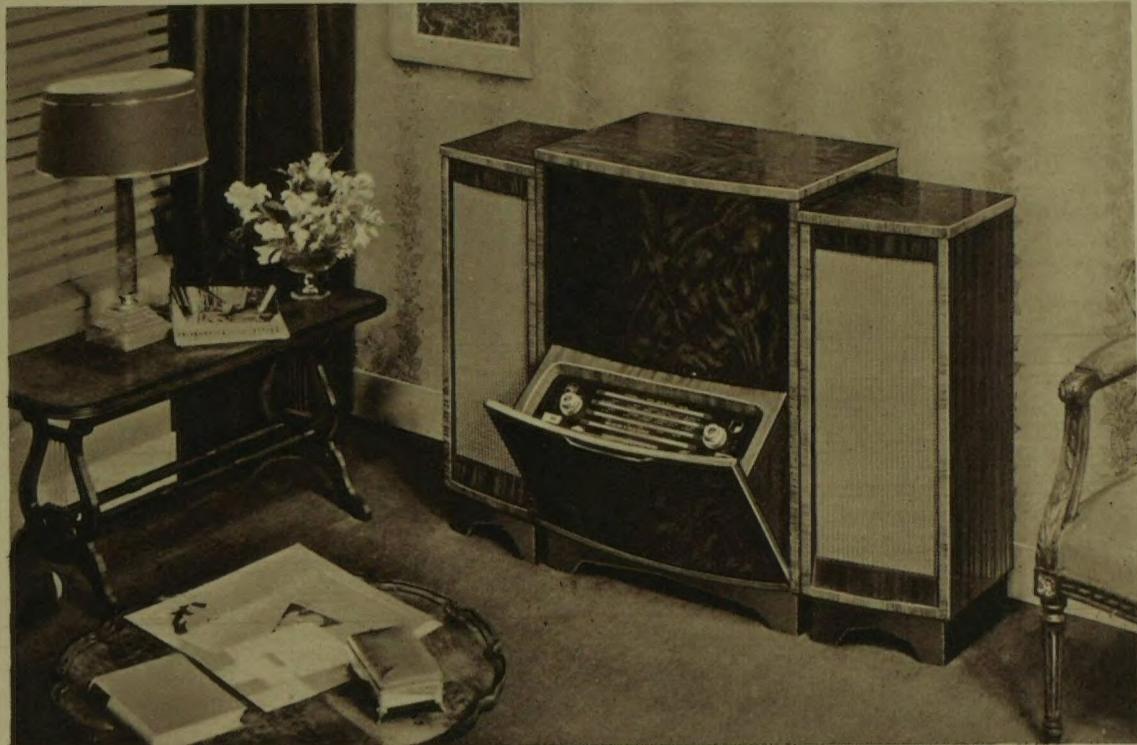
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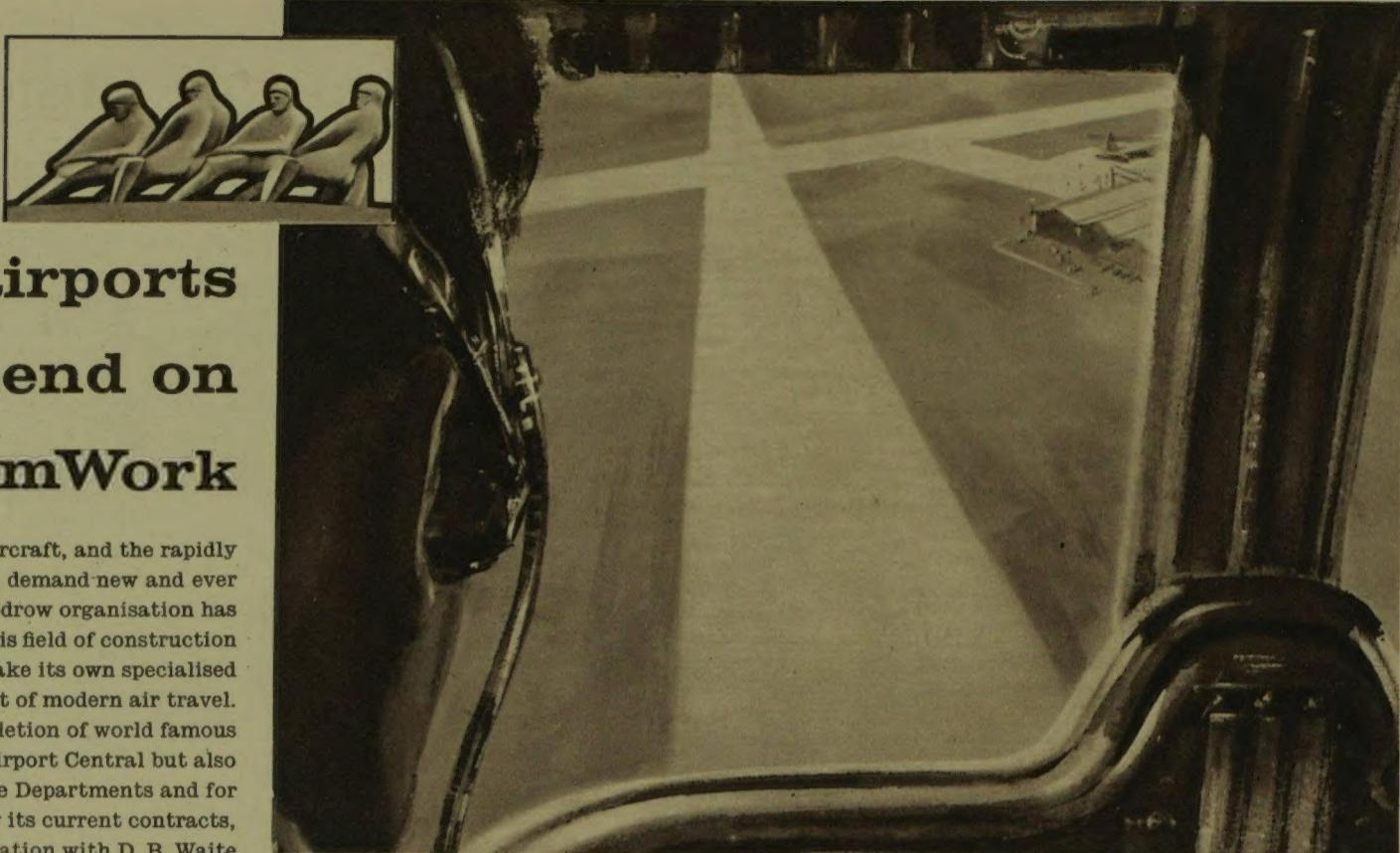
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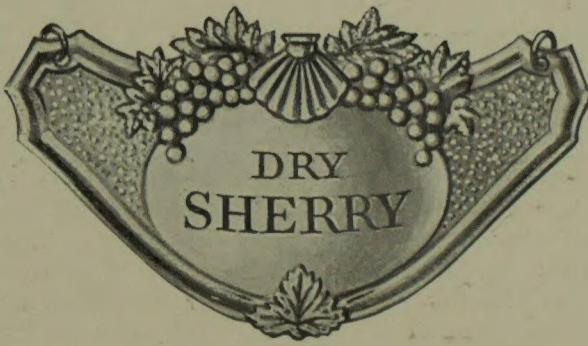
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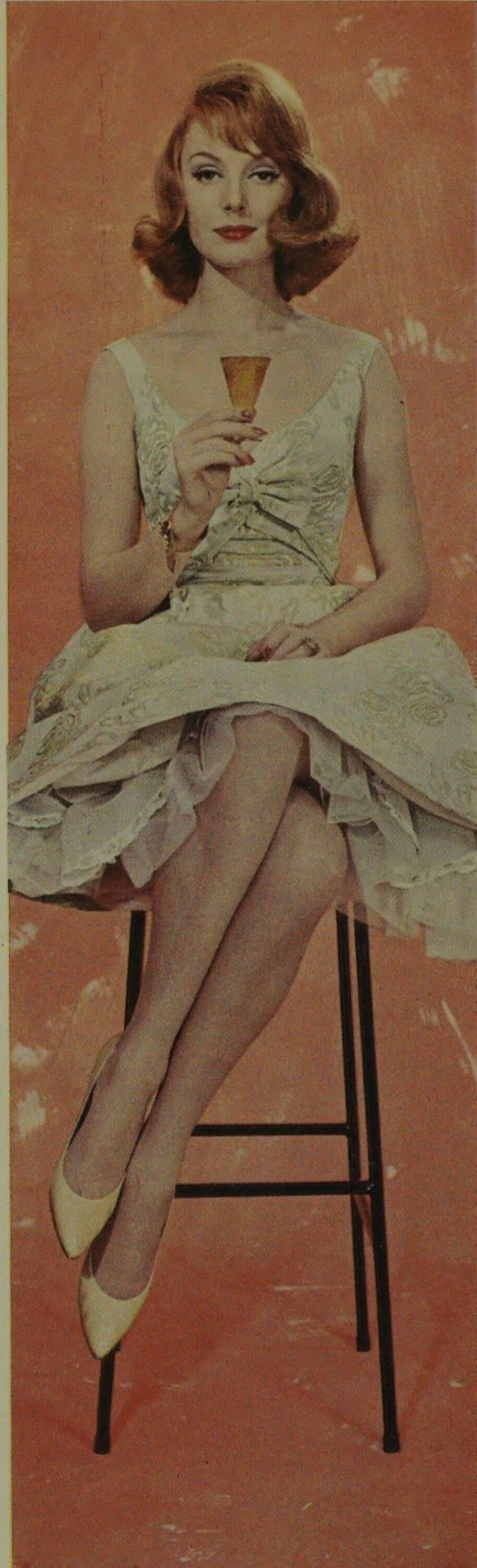


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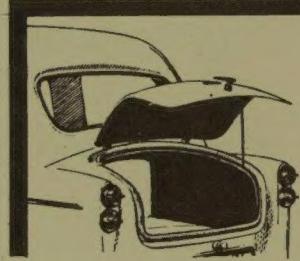


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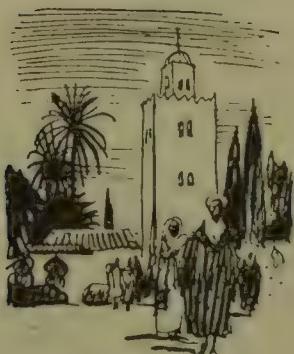
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1959.



THE SAVAGE END OF THE MOTOR-VESSEL HINDLEA AS SHE WAS TORN TO PIECES ON THE ANGLESEY ROCKS—AFTER THE FANTASTIC RESCUE OF HER CREW BY THE MOELFRE LIFEBOAT.

During the gales of October 26-27—the most severe for two years—the reserve lifeboat of Moelfre, Anglesey (coxswain Richard Evans), went to the assistance of the British motor-vessel *Hindlea* (506 tons). In a terrifying sea, with gusts of wind reaching 100 m.p.h., the lifeboat made ten runs to approach the ship, and at one point was hit by an enormous wave which threatened to sink her. Later, the lifeboat was carried by another wave right under the stern of the doomed ship. Eventually, in a desperate tactic, the

coxswain drove the lifeboat on board the *Hindlea* and in the next ten minutes all her nine-man crew were taken into the lifeboat. It was thought that the lifeboat had been badly damaged but, as it turned out, it suffered only a superficial scratch. Thirty-five minutes later the *Hindlea* broke up on the rocks, as shown. Soon after the Moelfre lifeboat joined with that of Beaumaris to go to the assistance of a distressed Greek steamer, *Essar One*, which later was able to anchor off Moelfre.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT isn't often that one reads in the Press any announcement—least of all, any official announcement or pronouncement—that gives one positive pleasure, but the other morning proved an exception. For there in my daily paper was a statement that London's County planning chiefs were determined that the Royal Parks should not be "walled in" with high buildings. Remembering what has been happening during the past few years and is still happening, I could scarcely believe my eyes. For in the principal and central group of Royal Parks formed by the great grass and arboreal mass of Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, Green Park and St. James's Park, two processes have been, and still are, at work which are producing just this unwanted effect: the destruction of forest trees inside and along the outer circumference of the parks and the erection of immense and wall-like buildings around their perimeter. If anyone wants to test for himself the effect that these two processes are having on London's park vistas, let him stand between the refreshment house in Hyde Park and the Serpentine and look southwards at the immense dark wall of the Bowater building which has been allowed to rise, actually touching and dwarfing the few remaining plane trees along the Park's Knightsbridge border. The visual effect is exactly that produced by a prison wall; it is depressing, it is ugly and it is authoritarian. It recalls the walls, surmounted with spikes, that very rich men used to build round their domains in the heyday of *laissez-faire* and the Industrial Revolution for the purpose of keeping the common crowd, condemned to live in crowded slums and squalid industrial surroundings, out of any place where they could hope to find peace and beauty. Whatever may be said for or against this particular building in other respects, I feel that the L.C.C. town planners, in giving their permission for its erection at this place, failed sufficiently to visualise the claustrophobic effect that its huge dark mass was going to have when viewed from the park. In my opinion, no single piece of architectural damage or loss that Hitler and the Luftwaffe inflicted on us during the late war deprived London and posterity of so much beauty as this monstrously misplaced edifice.

Yet viewed by itself the destruction to the beauty and amenity of the park done by this particular building would be limited and localised in its effect were it not for the fact that so much else has been, and is, happening elsewhere to reduce the traditional beauties and amenities of the park. During the past decade we have seen, and are still, alas, seeing, a wholesale destruction of trees at the two ends of London's largest open space, first the felling, a few years ago, of the Broad Walk elm avenue and of several hundred other trees in Kensington Gardens and the western end of Hyde Park, and now the destruction of the planes that shut the south-eastern end of the park out of the racket and roar of Hyde

Park Corner and Knightsbridge, and the introduction into the park itself of these noisy and smelly traffic arteries. During the past summer the whole of this part of the park has been invaded by the untidy squalor and racket of industrial machinery dedicated to this melancholy operation, and looks like remaining so until the transformation of the west side of the park into what is called a *boulevard*—in other words, a speed track—has been completed some time in the 'sixties.

another but all having the effect of reducing the public's access to green places and quietude.

All this has been accompanied by the apparent complete abandonment by the police and park authorities of any attempt to control the pace of the traffic using the park as a thoroughfare. I believe that, officially and legally, motor vehicles are still forbidden to travel in the Royal Parks at more than 20 miles an hour, but the average speed of the thousands of vehicles that continuously pass through the park must be at least twice that figure, and frequently high-powered cars can be seen travelling through the park at sixty or more miles an hour without anyone making the slightest attempt to stop them. As there are no pedestrian crossings over the park roads—apparently because of the legal fiction that no vehicle using them is allowed to exceed 20 miles an hour—and as at certain times of the day the flow of fast-moving motor-cars and bicycles along the eastern and southern carriageways is almost continuous, it is becoming increasingly dangerous to cross into the park at such hours, and I notice that fewer and fewer people do so. In short, on every hand, the interest of those who use the park as a place of quiet, refreshment and, in its true sense, recreation—the purpose for which it was intended by the Royal benefactors who first allowed its enjoyment to the public—has been sacrificed to the convenience of those who use it for very different purposes which, however desirable and necessary in their proper place, are not compatible with the preservation of these lovely islands of peace and solitude in London's congested and restless heart. In failing to recognise this I believe our age, that inherited the Royal Parks and their beauty from our forbears, is betraying posterity.

It was, therefore, with relief and delight that I read the account in the Press of the L.C.C.'s Report on the siting of buildings in the vicinity of the Royal Parks and the river. "A wall of high buildings round the park," it states, "would not be permitted." One can only hope that the pronouncement heralds a new attitude on the part of authority to these priceless treasures in London's heart which have been—and are being—so tragically misused and whose beauty, if the present



A STUDY IN REPOSE: A CHARMING TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT OF THE BEAUTIFUL CROWN PRINCESS MICHIKO OF JAPAN, WHO, IT WAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED, IS EXPECTING A BABY NEXT MARCH.

Our readers will remember the fairy-tale wedding of the Japanese Crown Prince Akihito and Michiko Shoda, the first commoner to marry into the Imperial family, which we illustrated in our issue of April 18. The Royal couple had met at a tennis match, and the subsequent marriage was extremely popular in Japan, and attracted much attention throughout the world. This delightful photograph was taken by the Japanese Imperial Court photographer, on the occasion of the Crown Princess's twenty-fifth birthday, on October 20.

Meanwhile, the whole of the outer circumference of the park has been turned into an enormous car park, while its central east-to-west road—formerly forbidden to motor traffic—has been and is invaded by an ever-growing volume of mechanical transport driven either by the police or the servants of the various contractors who are allowed to use the park and who all too frequently make use of the footpaths as well. At certain times of the year contractors are permitted to take over whole areas of the park, erect marquees and other installations on them, and keep the public out of them altogether—a nuisance which grows greater with every year—while the Ministry of Works has pursued a policy of erecting in the park permanent buildings for one purpose or

rate of destruction is allowed to proceed unchecked, it will presently be impossible to replace. And one hopes, too, that the Ministry of Works—whose new chief bears the great and appropriate name of Hope—will also reconsider its attitude towards the Royal Parks and afford them greater protection than it has done against all those public and private interests which threaten and misuse them. It has taken at least two centuries to create their incomparable beauty and, if that beauty were destroyed, it would take another century at the very least to restore it. Landscape gardening, as our aristocratic ancestors knew, is one of the most rewarding of all arts, but it is also one of the most difficult and time-demanding to practise.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY: FIVE SOILED CANVASES, FOUND IN A SHED, NOW CLEANED AND SHOWN TO BE BY GUARDI.



"SOPHRONIA ASKS THE SARACEN KING ALADINE TO RELEASE THE CHRISTIAN PRISONERS," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793): ONE OF THE FIVE MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS RECENTLY DISCOVERED.  
(Oil on canvas: 96 by 42 ins. approx.)



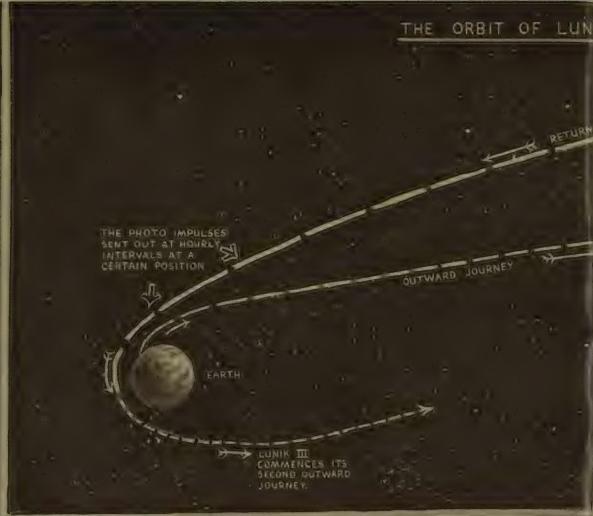
"ERMINIA FINDS THE DEAD ARGANTES AND THE WOUNDED TANCRED": THE FIVE PAINTINGS WERE DISCOVERED IN DUBLIN ROLLED UP LIKE LINOLEUM, AND HAVE NOW BEEN CLEANED.  
(Oil on canvas: 96 by 102 ins. approx.)



"THE COMBAT SCENE BETWEEN TANCRED AND ARGANTES, WITH THE PAGAN CLORINDA IN THE BACKGROUND": THE FIVE PAINTINGS, ONCE COVERED IN COACH VARNISH, ARE NOW THE PROPERTY OF MR. GEOFFREY MERTON. (Oil on canvas: 96 by 120 ins. approx.)



"ERMINIA, A PAGAN NYMPH, ASKS A SHEPHERD FOR SHELTER FROM THE CHRISTIANS": THESE FIVE GUARDIS, THE DISCOVERY OF MR. DAVID CARRITT, WERE PROBABLY PAINTED TO DECORATE AN ITALIAN HOUSE, SINCE THEY ARE ALL THE SAME HEIGHT. (Oil on canvas: 96 by 178 ins. approx.)



BELOW: THE BACK OF THE MOON. (1) LARGE CRATER; (2) ASTRONAUTS BAY; (3) CRATER OF REVERSE SIDE; (4) TSIOLKOVSKY CRATER; (5) LOMONOSOV CRATER; (6) CURIE CRATER; (7) SOVIET MTS.; (8) DREAM SEA. SOLID LINE, MOON EQUATOR. THE PREVIOUSLY VISIBLE FEATURES (IN ROMAN NUMERALS) ARE: (I) HUMBOLDT SEA; (II) SEA OF CHAOS; (III) REGIONAL SEA; (IV) SEA OF WAVES; (V) SMITH SEA; (VI) SEA OF FERTILITY; (VII) SOUTH SEA.

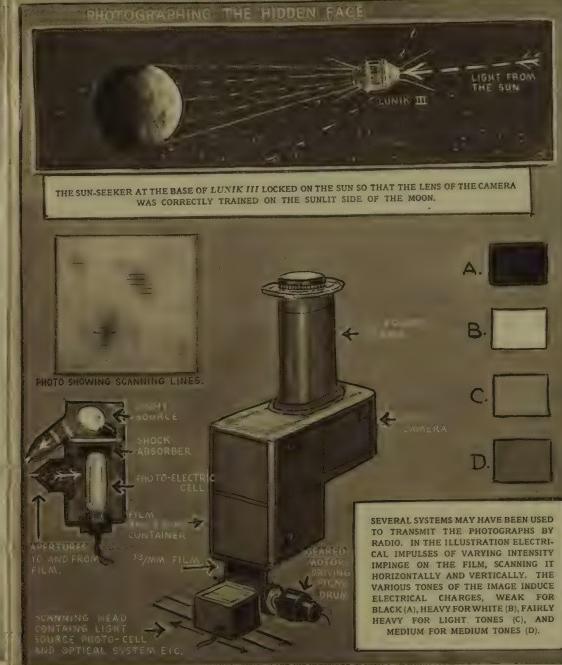
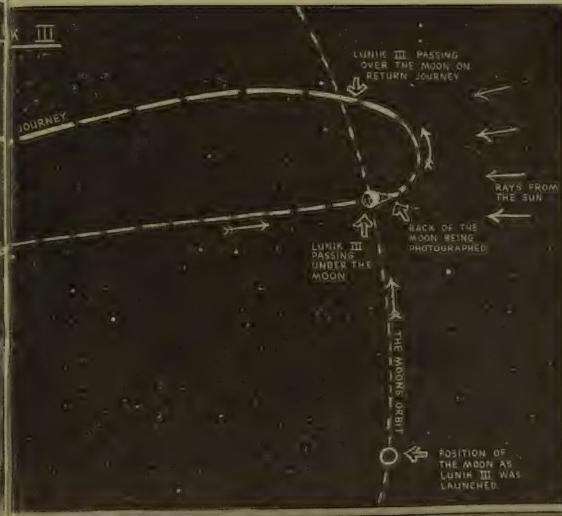


THE MOON'S HIDDEN FACE NEVER SEEN BEFORE AND NOW PHOTOGRAPHED

Hidden from man ever since he first appeared on earth, the reverse side of the moon is now familiar to all, thanks to the recent great achievement of Soviet scientists, who have now succeeded in photographing this concealed section of the moon's surface, about which there has been much speculation, both metaphysical and scientific. The outstanding feature of the moon's other side is its comparative monotony, described by a leading Russian astronomer as "an astonishing thing." There are far fewer seas and fewer

contrasts than on the side visible from the earth. It seems likely that this phenomenon will present an exciting problem to experts. The outstanding features classified by the Russians are shown on the inset photograph. Although the size of the rocket used to place *Lunik III*—launched on October 6—has not yet been revealed by the Soviet Union, it is likely that it was of the three- or four-stage type, being about 200 and 300 ft. in overall length. It is known that the final stage used for *Lunik II*—launched on September 12—

Drawn by our Special



THROUGH THE CAMERA OF LUNIK III: THE METHOD DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

was approximately 10 ft. in diameter and 20 ft. long. It was this final stage that contained the actual *Lunik* and the equipment required for sending the photographs that were taken of the moon's reverse side. It is clear, however, that at the correct moment after the *Lunik* had passed under the moon and was coming up on its (i.e., to us) reverse side, which was illuminated by the sun's rays, the sun-seeker "locked on" to the sun, so that the camera lens (or lenses, as it is

believed) two 35 mm. cine cameras were used) pointed at the moon and the film was exposed. After processing, the film (or perhaps print) passed before the radio-unit, which then translated the picture tones into impulses of varying intensity, according to the tones of the scene being photographed. These were most likely recorded on a tape to be sent off at a predetermined period when the *Lunik* was approaching the earth, the signals being transmitted at hourly intervals, thus slowly building up the completed picture.

Artist, G. H. Davis.



LAST week's article was written almost immediately after the statement by the President of the French Republic that he would not agree to the holding of a "Summit" conference until the spring. One had, therefore, to make some assumptions in discussing this then bare and unadorned news. Writers in illustrated periodicals, which take longer to produce than the unillustrated weeklies, often have to face this problem. It is partly, but not wholly, compensated for by occasions when questions have been settled and they can have more time for reflection than other commentators. On this occasion the assumptions do not require much revision. It is clearer than ever that General de Gaulle dropped a spanner in the works and that his fellow-workers were as displeased as fellow-workers usually are on such occasions.

Now there has been a development. On October 28 President Eisenhower announced that he hoped for "a pre-Summit meeting"—not, I think, his phrase, but an inevitable development of the jargon which wreathes itself about the topic—in the middle of December. I must be careful to add that he was not positive, but he was encouraged to hope that this meeting would be possible by an "expression of readiness on all sides." The President made no pretence of denying what was generally assumed, that he was, to a certain extent, disappointed and that he had wanted a Western conference "possibly somewhat earlier." His news was still welcome.

It is well known that he attributes great importance to these preliminary consultations. His attitude has always been slightly different from that of Mr. Macmillan, in regarding a Summit conference as, let us say, an achievement in itself, whereas the British Prime Minister regards it as the first step in a process. The President therefore feels that the time available will not be wasted if it results in more thorough preparation for the Summit conference in the matter of "positions and position papers." He thought it would be "very bad indeed" if a Summit meeting were to be undertaken without full co-ordination of the Western policy.

One cannot doubt that he has met with a distressing and even to some extent humiliating setback, and it says much for his patience and self-control that he has shown so few signs of the fact. He had hoped for a Summit conference by late December. He is nearing the end of his final term. He cannot have been pleased to find that he has no prospect of attending one until after the start by Congress of its last pre-election session. Yet he has kept his diplomatic temper and has clearly from the first decided that nothing was to be gained by putting pressure on the obstinate French leader. For all that, the French Government must have created for itself in Washington a frame of mind which it may find a handicap in future. France needs American forbearance and support in Algeria.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WESTERN CONFERENCE IN DECEMBER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

Fortunately, the prospect of a Western conference in mid-December is welcome to the French. It seems also possible, though it is by no means certain, that they would agree to hold the Summit conference in February rather than in the spring. Even then some knotty problems lurk within the statement discussed in last week's article. One of them is the suggestion that a Summit conference might depend upon signs of a *détente* appearing in troubled areas such as the Far East, where Russia has at most a very slight influence on Chinese policy. This proviso seemed ridiculous and might keep us waiting years for the conference. Let us hope that it was merely thinking aloud. The possibility also exists that French ideas regarding

improved. He has been concerned mainly with topics rather than dates. He has frequently said that disarmament should be the primary topic of the conference, but it has been stated in Bonn—just before these lines are written—that he now recognises the discussion of Berlin at the Summit conference to be inevitable. If the latest version of his sentiments is correct, it represents an important change, since he had previously avoided reference either to the need for reunion or to the status of Berlin. Now conversations on Berlin are envisaged, though reunion apparently remains in the background. Dr. Adenauer has for some time feared a patched-up temporary solution.

We may now have some hope that the Federal Chancellor will visit this country just after the middle of this month and France at the beginning of December. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is due to visit Paris on November 11. The Western conference may then take place a little earlier than "mid-December." Every day that can be gained will be welcome to the British Government. In view, however, of the difference in the views of the German Chancellor and the French President, the work of drawing up an agenda will not be easy. They were for some time regarded as allies against the Governments of the United States and the United Kingdom and it is a curious turn of circumstances which now seems to mark the greatest difference of opinion as lying between them.

It is not unnatural that the attitude of all four Governments should be slightly different. At the same time it must be obvious that, up to the end of October, General de Gaulle was playing the part of lone wolf within the Western confederacy. One must add that, though some signs of a more accommodating spirit have appeared, it is not even now certain that he has essentially altered his views. The situation

may be awkward if he does not get his Algerian settlement quickly. Then there is the French atom-bomb, which the General still seems determined to explode at a time which could hardly be more unfavourable and unseasonable. One could wish that it were possible to adjourn this test, which breaks the thread of a long period of abstention from trial explosions.

As regards the various objectives, I remain convinced that Mr. Macmillan's approach is the right one. Too many knots have been tied since 1945 for it to be possible to cut them all in the period of one brief conference. The danger of disappointed hopes causing world-wide depression is not as great as in the past because the majority of people now feel doubtful about quick results, but this danger has not altogether disappeared. The situation has been discussed this time from the Western point of view, but Mr. Khrushchev may introduce fresh complications. Another of my impressions is that Berlin is a more promising subject than German reunion. The primary objective, however, should be a start with disarmament, however small.



THE LAST PARADE OF THE 1ST BATTALION, COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT CHELSEA BARRACKS ON OCTOBER 27. THE BARRACKS ARE DUE FOR DEMOLITION AND THE BATTALION HAVE GONE TO A CAMP AT LYDD.

Our picture shows the scene at Chelsea Barracks on October 27 as the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards paraded there for the last time before going to their new camp at Lydd, in Kent. Chelsea Barracks are due for demolition in company with three other London barracks, Knightsbridge, Wellington and Regent's Park. The new accommodation in place of the old buildings of Chelsea Barracks should be finished by 1962. This is part of a large rebuilding plan which the Army is putting into effect. Rebuilding is either starting or in progress not only in London, but also at Catterick, Aldershot, and in Malaya.

an agenda for the Summit will prove different to those of the United States and the United Kingdom. Finally, General de Gaulle hopes for some brilliant and conclusive success.

It need not be said that if he is right in this optimistic outlook then he is also right in his determination that the Summit conference shall not take place until the spring. Indeed, there would be no harm in postponing it still further if there were a prospect of a resounding triumph, which would bring happiness to the whole world, at the end. How moderate by comparison seem the aims of the British Government, as expressed by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords on the same day as that on which President Eisenhower made his statement! The British Government, he said, did not believe that it was possible to resolve "the tremendous problems" which divided East and West in what would probably be a meeting of two or three days only. He went on to say that the Government believed in constant negotiations, gradually eating away the problems.

The problem regarding Dr. Adenauer is rather different, but its complexion has simultaneously

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



PAKISTAN. A PIPE-BAND PLAYING FOR MEMBERS OF THE PAKISTAN PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIAT AS THEY LEFT KARACHI FOR THE TEMPORARY CAPITAL AT RAWALPINDI. Although the Cabinet has been transferred to Rawalpindi, the main Government offices will remain for some time in Karachi. Here the pipe-band of the Malir Cantonment of the Frontier Forces Regiment is playing a valedictory "Auld Lang Syne."



PAKISTAN. PART OF THE SATELLITE TOWN WHICH HAS SPRUNG UP IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUILDING OF PAKISTAN'S NEW CAPITAL, WHICH WILL BE ABOUT 8 MILES FROM RAWALPINDI.



NUREMBERG, WEST GERMANY. TO FOIL CAR THIEVES: A PHOTO-ELECTRICAL DEVICE FOR LOCKING DOORS SO THEY CANNOT BE OPENED AGAIN WITH A KEY. IT WAS DEMONSTRATED AT THE 18TH "FAIR OF INVENTIONS."



AUSTRIA. LOOKING FOR THE HUNGARIAN CROWN JEWELS, BELIEVED JETTISONED BY GERMANS IN THE DANUBE HERE AT THE END OF THE WAR: THE SALVAGE CRAFT AT WORK.

Acting on a report that German S.S. troops jettisoned part of the Hungarian Crown jewels in the Danube near the Austrian-Czech border, a private salvage company has begun operations. Both the Austrian and Hungarian Governments have stated claims to them if they are found.



(Left.)  
NEW YORK, U.S.A.  
A MODEL OF WHAT  
WILL BE THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST COM-  
MERCIAL OFFICE  
BUILDING: GRAND  
CENTRAL CITY. A  
BRITISH FIRM WILL  
HAVE EQUAL SHARE  
OWNERSHIP OF THIS  
VAST PROJECT.

(Right.)  
BAGHDAD, IRAQ.  
RECOVERING AFTER  
THE ATTEMPT ON HIS  
LIFE: GENERAL  
KASSEM, THE PRIME  
MINISTER OF IRAQ,  
WITH HIS LEFT ARM  
STILL IN PLASTER.  
Since the attempt on  
General Kassem's life  
on October 7, he has  
been in a Baghdad  
hospital. He is shown  
here with his doctors.  
Even though the  
hospital is guarded  
by thousands of  
troops, there has been  
another attempt on  
his life.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE CALL TO DUTY: THE MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE ST. JOSEPH HOME IN URSBERG GETTING HER FIRE BRIGADE OF NUNS INTO ACTION.

THE LADDER BEING BROUGHT INTO ACTION. THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN DURING A REALISTIC FIRE-FIGHTING EXERCISE THAT WAS A CONTRIBUTION TO A FIRE-PREVENTION WEEK.



THE VANGUARD OF THE FIRE BRIGADE: TWO SISTERS WHO ARE EQUIPPED WITH FIREPROOF HABITS, SMOKE MASKS, GOGGLES, AND LEATHER HOODS TO PROTECT THEIR HEADS.



STRETCHER-BEARING NUNS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE. THE FIRE BRIGADE WAS FOUNDED IN 1931, SINCE WHEN IT HAS DEALT WITH TWO BIG FIRES AT THE ST. JOSEPH MENTAL HOME.



A "VICTIM" RESCUED IN A FIRE-ESCAPE CHUTE. THE NUNS HELP HER OUT. THERE ARE ABOUT SEVENTY NUNS IN THE BRIGADE. THE MOTHER SUPERIOR (LEFT) WATCHES THE EXERCISE.

**URSBERG, WEST GERMANY. A COMMUNITY OF NUNS WHO HAVE THEIR OWN FIRE BRIGADE.**

Since 1931 the nuns of the St. Joseph's congregation who run the St. Joseph Home for mental patients at Ursberg, West Germany, have had their own fire brigade. During that time they have had to deal with two serious outbreaks of fire. There are about seventy nuns who are in the fire brigade,

and they are gallantly commanded by their Mother Superior. On the occasion of a recent Fire-Prevention week in West Germany they staged a realistic fire-fighting exercise which was watched by hundreds of spectators. Two nuns in the vanguard even have special fireproof habits.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN "SPACE-SUIT": THE FIRST SUIT, MADE BY B. F. GOODRICH IN 1934, AND WORN HERE BY THE PIONEER WILEY POST.



SUITABLE, IF NOT EXACTLY IDEAL, FOR BASEBALL: THE NEW FULL-PRESSURE FLYING-SUIT FOR THE U.S. NAVY IS SHOWN TO BE HIGHLY FLEXIBLE.



CONSIDERED TO BE OPERATIONALLY UNACCEPTABLE, BUT CERTAINLY FORMIDABLE TO LOOK AT: THIS SUIT, DEVELOPED IN 1952, WAS NONE THE LESS AN IMPORTANT ADVANCE.



PROVIDING ENOUGH INSULATION TO ENABLE A MAN TO SURVIVE AN HOUR'S IMMERSION IN ARCTIC WATERS: THE MODERN SUIT TESTED IN A MAN-MADE ICEBERG.

**U.S.A. "SPACE-SUITS" OLD AND NEW: PREPARATIONS AND TESTS FOR LAUNCHING THE FIRST MAN INTO SPACE.**

Modern "space-suits," or "full-pressure flying-suits"—as they are more correctly called—no longer resemble the traditional Man-from-Mars clothing. Nor are they so heavy and so inflexible as to imprison a man in a strait-jacket. The new suit which has been developed for the U.S. Navy is a great advance in every respect. Called, rather alarmingly, an omni-environmental *Mark IV* suit, it weighs only 20 lb. and looks much more

like a conventional flying-suit. It has been worn at altitudes of 50,000 ft. and on land at temperatures of 30 degrees below zero for well over seven hours. It is to be worn by volunteers who are taking part in Project "Mercury"—a plan to place a man in a small satellite within two years. It can provide an artificial pressurised environment so that even in a complete vacuum the wearer would be as comfortable as at 35,000 ft.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



BRUSSELS, BELGIUM. A ROYAL BLOOD DONOR SETTING AN EXAMPLE: PRINCE ALBERT OF LIEGE GIVING BLOOD AT THE NATIONAL BLOOD INSTITUTE TO MARK THE BEGINNING OF A NATIONAL DONOR WEEK.



NUREMBERG, GERMANY. A NEW BULLET-PROOF BANK COUNTER DEVICE, SHOWN AT THE GERMAN INVENTORS' FAIR: THE ANSWER TO THE TIMID CASHIER'S PRAYER. This new device, which was shown recently at the 18th German inventors' fair at Nuremberg, is a bullet-proof bank counter. It consists of an inner and an outer bullet-proof glass cylinder. The inner cylinder rotates to coincide with one of two openings.



SUEZ, EGYPT. SMILING COASTAL OFFICIALS OPENING CANS OF NARCOTICS THAT WERE CONFISCATED.



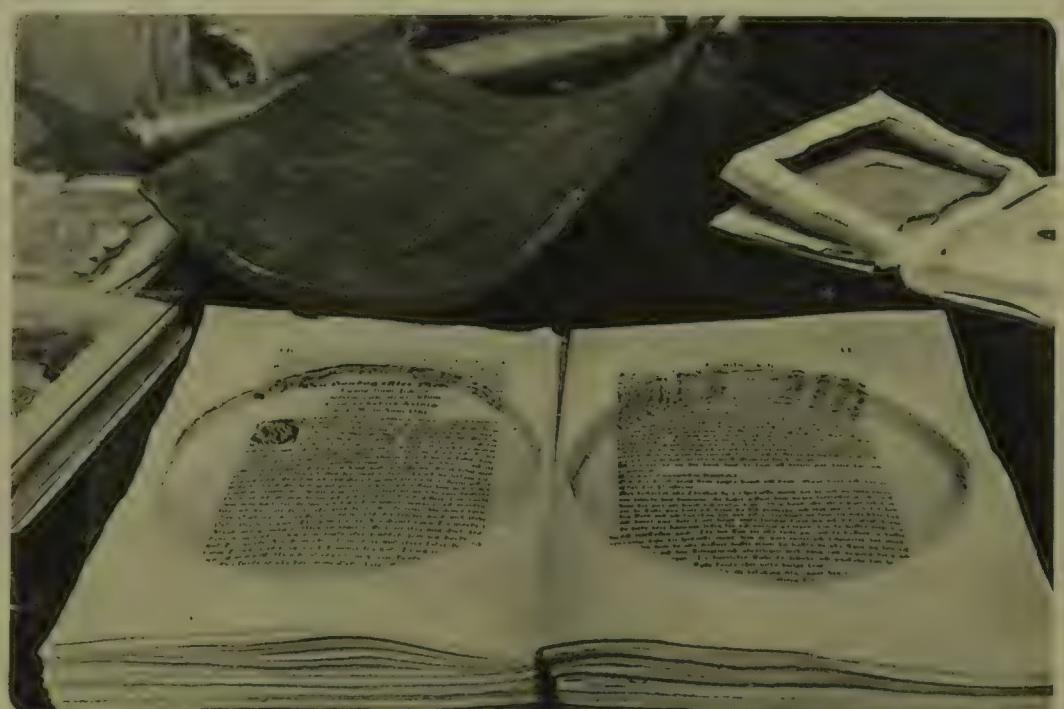
SUEZ, EGYPT. A SUCCESSFUL RAID BY EGYPTIAN COASTAL OFFICERS ON A BOAT USED BY DRUG SMUGGLERS: SACKS CONTAINING NARCOTICS, MAINLY HASHISH, BEING HOISTED ON BOARD ON OCTOBER 28.



SUEZ, EGYPT. AN EXAMINATION OF CONFISCATED HASHISH BLOCKS, WHICH ARE KNOWN AS "TORAB" OR "TOMBS," BEING CONDUCTED BY COASTAL OFFICIALS.



DALARO, SWEDEN. THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE SWEDISH CUSTOMS BOARD DEMONSTRATING A CUNNINGLY-CONTRIVED LIQUOR CONTAINER.



DALARO, SWEDEN. A BIBLE USED TO CONCEAL SMUGGLED WATCHES: ONE OF THE FASCINATING EXHIBITS IN THE RECENTLY-OPENED CUSTOMS MUSEUM AT DALARO.

Many and ingenious are the means used to smuggle goods through Customs barriers. An exceedingly clever device—which was successful in evading the perceptive eye of the Customs official on many occasions until it was finally discovered—was the concealing of watches in a Bible, appropriately carried by a "priest."

## THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY.

"TRIUMPH IN THE WEST, 1943-1946." By ARTHUR BRYANT\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

WITH commendable wisdom Sir Arthur Bryant has taken advantage of the publication of this second, and final, volume of extracts from the diary of Lord Alanbrooke to answer some of the criticisms directed against its predecessor which, it will be remembered, was denounced in some quarters as being not only extremely dogmatic in tone but also as disloyal to Sir Winston Churchill. Sir Arthur explains that this book "is not a biography, nor is it a history of the war. It rests on a diary compiled in the heat of pressing events. It reveals how the diarist saw himself and those around him, but not how they saw him." Diaries are, indeed, the raw material of history, not the finished article. It may be that the compilers of them are unwise to publish them during their own lifetime, but when they are published let them be read for what they are, not as the considered opinion of a historian writing in his study, years after the events which he is describing and with all the relevant documents close to his hand.

As Chief of the Imperial General Staff during these critical years Lord Alanbrooke was primarily concerned with the actions and reactions of three men—Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin, and after the Teheran Conference he put his impressions of them down on paper:

During this meeting and all the subsequent ones which we had with Stalin, I rapidly grew to appreciate the fact that he had a military brain of the very highest calibre. Never once in any of his statements did he make any strategic error, nor did he ever fail to appreciate all the implications of a situation with a quick and unerring eye. In this respect he stood out compared with his two colleagues. Roosevelt never made any great pretence at being a strategist and left either Marshall or Leahy to talk for him. Winston, on the other hand, was more erratic, brilliant at times, but too impulsive and inclined to favour unsuitable plans without giving them the preliminary deep thought they required.

By comparison Lord Alanbrooke rated Hitler very low as a strategist, particularly for his failure ever *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He would never order a retirement, however much this might have been to his advantage: as a result he lost von Paulus's army and countless casualties at Stalingrad; Tunisia with some 250,000 men with much equipment, shipping, and material; and on more than one occasion large numbers of his best troops during the Allied drive across France. He also made the Napoleonic mistake of attempting to conduct the war by remote control. In the earlier stages of the conflict these weaknesses were not very apparent, but when things began to go wrong, and when he came up against a master of strategy in Stalin, they were a powerful factor in losing the war for Germany.

It will be said that these pages are little more than the record of squabbles between soldiers and statesmen, and between Great Britain, Russia, and the United States; this is indeed the case, but too much importance should not be attributed to it, for precisely the same state of affairs existed in the First World War, the Peninsular War, and every war in history. From the British point of view, as Lord Alanbrooke fully realised at the time, the misfortune was that when political considerations were uppermost in the last months of the conflict, particularly at Yalta, Great Britain was every day becoming progressively weaker in manpower relative to her American and Russian Allies, and so was the less able to make her

influence felt, with consequences that are only too obvious to-day. Had Germany been defeated in 1944, as Lord Alanbrooke is firmly convinced could have been done, the general situation at the conclusion of hostilities would not have been anything like so unfavourable to Great Britain, and we should have been spared the spectacle of Sir Winston peddling unwanted, if excellent, advice at one inter-Allied gathering after another.

Such being the case, it was all the more remarkable that the Prime Minister was able to snatch the Greek brand from the Communist burning. Lord Alanbrooke recorded at the time that Sir Winston "has done a spectacular rush to Greece to try and disentangle the mess," but he was extremely pessimistic with regard to the outcome. Later, he admitted his mistake:



TO BE COPIED AND SET UP IN WASHINGTON: THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JOHN WESLEY WHICH STANDS WHERE WESLEY HELD HIS FIRST OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

Outside the New Room, Broadmead, Bristol, stands the impressive equestrian statue, erected in 1933, of the celebrated preacher, John Wesley. It is near the original "Preachers Stable" on the spot where Wesley preached in the open air. A copy of this statue is to be erected outside the Western Methodist College in Washington, D.C., U.S.A., and will be a gift of Lord Rank. There are about 9 million Methodists in the U.S.A., and many of them make a pilgrimage to Bristol's famous building.

(N.B.—This photograph is not from the book under review.)

I was quite wrong. Greece was saved from Communism. I do not think that I realised sufficiently the vital importance of preventing Greece from giving Communism a door into the Mediterranean.

In any war there are bound to be political considerations which override the dictates of sound strategy, but it is not always easy for even the most broadminded soldier to appreciate the fact.

One cause of friction between the Prime Minister and Lord Alanbrooke was that Sir Winston was never a Westerner. He had not been one in the First World War, and the conviction that he had been right over Gallipoli had grown upon him with the passing of the years. To quote Sir Arthur Bryant:

Haunted by the massacres of the great frontal attacks of the First World War, he had never ceased to hope that their repetition could be avoided by a

less costly approach through Southern Europe, unlike Brooke, who, for all his insistence on a Mediterranean strategy as the indispensable preliminary to *Overlord*, believed that only through the latter could the fighting power of the *Wehrmacht* be broken. As late as May 3rd, only a month before D-Day, Churchill had confided to the assembled Dominions' Prime Ministers that, if he had had his own way, the lay-out of the war would have been different, and he would have rolled up Europe from the south-east to join hands with the Russians.

In retrospect, the invasion seems to have gone so well that it is not easy to realise that it might easily have failed with colossal casualties—the Dieppe raid was not an encouraging precedent, or that after the advance of a few miles the Anglo-American forces might have been held by the Germans, with trench-warfare of the old type as the not improbable result. That the enemy did not react more violently was to no inconsiderable extent due to their fear that a second landing was imminent further to the north.

Lord Alanbrooke does not mince his words where his American allies are concerned, and in the quarrel between Field Marshal Montgomery and General Omar Bradley there is no doubt where his sympathies lay. Like President Wilson in an earlier day, President Roosevelt approached the problems of Europe with a set of pre-conceived opinions; one of them was that Sir Winston Churchill wished to use the United States as a cat's-paw to pull British chestnuts out of the fire, and another was that Stalin was at heart a convinced democrat; there may have been something in the first of these suppositions, but there was nothing at all in the second. Furthermore, the President "had an almost mystical faith" in the future and fighting capacity of Chiang Kai-shek, of whom Lord Alanbrooke was from the beginning extremely mistrustful. "Why the Americans attached such importance to Chiang I have never discovered," he wrote. "All he did for them was to lead them down a garden path to a Communist China."

Some of Lord Alanbrooke's criticism may, perhaps, be dismissed as British prejudice, but there can be little doubt that the Americans made two serious mistakes as the war was coming to a close. First, their insistence upon the landing in the South of France which was a military success but a strategic blunder, for it prevented an Anglo-American advance into South-Eastern Europe, thereby forestalling the Russians in that quarter; while, secondly, General

Eisenhower's failure to rush the Ruhr when he had the opportunity prolonged the war by another six months. Lord Alanbrooke's irritation is surely understandable in these circumstances, more particularly when the drain upon British resources during those months is taken into account.

Finally, in a narrative concerned with so much detail, Sir Arthur Bryant might easily have lost his way, and become difficult to follow, but never once is this the case. On the contrary, at no time does he lose sight of the main issue, and readers whose appetite for this volume was whetted by the perusal of its predecessor will assuredly not be disappointed.

\* "Triumph in the West, 1943-1946." Based on the Diaries and Autobiographical Notes of Field Marshal The Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., O.M. By Arthur Bryant. (Collins; 30s.)

## HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

## II. WHY IS IT DARK AT NIGHT?

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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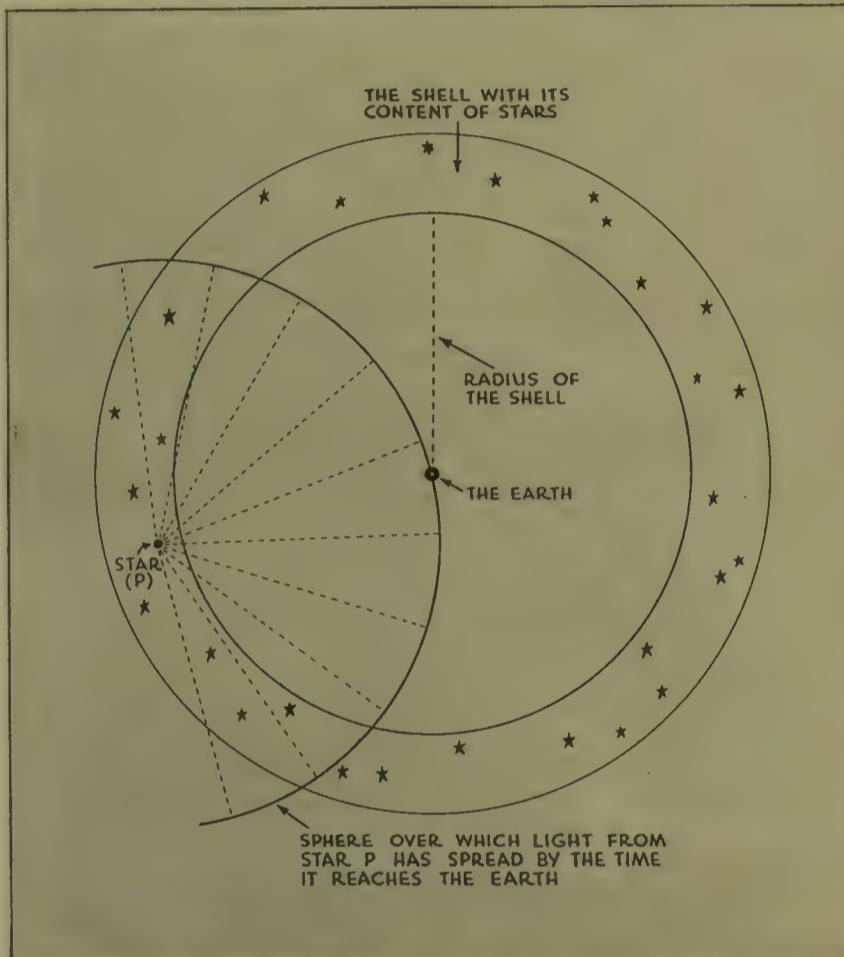
ONE of the bases of modern cosmology is known as Olbers' paradox, which makes the darkness of the night sky appear as a curious phenomenon. The argument leading up to this is so simple and attractive and beautiful that it may not be out of place to describe it here in full.

When one looks at the sky at night one notices that there are some very bright stars, more medium bright ones and very large numbers of faint ones. It is easy to see that this phenomenon might be accounted for by the fact that the bright-looking stars happen to be near; the medium bright ones rather further away, and the faint ones a good deal further away still. In this way one would not only account for the variations in brightness but also for the fact that there are more of the faint ones than of the medium bright ones, and more of the medium bright ones than of the very bright ones, for there is more space further away than nearby. One can now speculate about stars yet further away, so far away, in fact, that they cannot be seen individually, not only not by the naked eye, but not even by the telescope. The question then arises of whether these very distant stars, though they would individually be too faint to be seen, might not be so exceedingly numerous as to provide an even background illumination of the night sky? This is the question that the German astronomer Olbers asked 130-odd years ago. The argument will now be presented in the light of the astronomical knowledge of 1826, without considering any of the phenomena discovered by modern astronomy and described in Dr. Lyttleton's articles.

Olbers then attempted to calculate what the brightness of the background of the sky should be on this basis. He immediately realised that in trying to consider effects from regions too far away to be seen in detail, he was forced to make assumptions about what the depths of the universe were like. He then made a set of assumptions which looks so plausible even nowadays that they may well serve as a model of what the beginning of a scientific investigation should be like. He first assumed, in the light of the knowledge of his day (1826), that the distant regions of the universe would be very much like our own. He expected there would be stars there, with the same average distance between them as between near stars. He expected that while each star would have an intrinsic brightness of its own, there would be an average brightness of stars very much like that in our astronomical neighbourhood. In other words, he assumed that we get a typical view of the universe. This is in full accord with the ideas that have been current since the days of Copernicus, that there is nothing special, nothing pre-selected about our position in the scheme of things. This is a convenient assumption from a scientific point of view and a very fruitful one because we can assume that what goes on around us holds elsewhere as well, if not in detail, at least on the average. Unfortunately, this assumption is not sufficient for the calculation Olbers wished to make. For light travels at a finite speed: at a high speed, it is true, but a finite one nevertheless. Accordingly, the light we now receive from many distant regions was sent out by the objects there a long time ago, having spent the intervening period on its journey from there to here. What is important for us, therefore, in trying to calculate the amount of light we get from the depths of the universe, is not how much the stars there radiate now, but how much they radiated at the time when the light which we receive now was sent out by them. We, therefore, have to make a guess about the variation of astronomical conditions, not only with space, but also with time. And here, again, Olbers made the simplest of all possible assumptions, for he assumed time to matter as little as space. In other words, he supposed that not only in other parts of the universe, but also at other times, there would be stars, that their brightness would be the same as it is in our astronomical neighbourhood, and similarly, their average distance apart would be the same as it is near us. Next, Olbers assumed, very naturally, that the laws of physics, as we know them from here,

apply elsewhere and at other times. In particular, he assumed that the laws of the propagation of light—the way light spreads out after leaving its source—applied over these vast regions just as much as they apply in our rooms here. This, again, is the most obvious, most convenient and most fruitful assumption one can make. It would seem a stupid thing to set out on a voyage of discovery into the depths of the universe by first throwing away all the knowledge we have gained in our vicinity. Finally, Olbers made an assumption which is of the utmost importance, but he made it implicitly. He was not aware of the fact that he was making an assumption at all. Scientists know very well that this is the most dangerous kind of assumption. This assumption was that there were no large, systematic motions in the universe; that the universe was static.

On the basis of these four assumptions, it is easy to work out the background light of the sky.



THIS DIAGRAM EXPLAINS HOW WE CALCULATE THE AMOUNT OF LIGHT RECEIVED FROM ALL THE STARS CONTAINED IN A SPHERICAL SHELL SURROUNDING THE EARTH.

In this week's article Professor Bondi explains how scientists calculate the background light of the sky and shows how observations of the darkness of the night sky lead almost directly to the remarkable and outstanding phenomenon discovered by modern astronomy, the expansion of the universe.

Imagine a vast, spherical shell surrounding us. (See diagram in centre of page.) The thickness of the shell is supposed to be small compared with its radius; but the whole shell is supposed to be so enormous that there are vast numbers of stars within the shell. How many stars are there in this shell? In order to work this out we have to know the volume of the shell. If we call the radius of the shell  $R$  and its thickness  $H$ , then we see readily that the surface of the sphere on which the shell is built is  $4\pi R^2$  and thus the volume of the shell is, to a sufficient approximation,  $4\pi R^2 H$ . If, now,  $N$  is the number of stars per unit volume, then the number of stars in the shell of volume  $4\pi R^2 H$  will be  $4\pi R^2 H N$ . How much light will all the stars in the shell send out? If the average rate at which an individual star sends out light is  $L$ , then all the stars in the shell put together will send out  $4\pi R^2 H N L$ . However, what interests us is not how much light all these stars send out, but how much light we receive from them. Consider the light of an individual star in the shell. By the time the light from it reaches us, it will have travelled through a distance  $R$ : and so it will have spread out over a sphere of surface  $4\pi R^2$ . That is to say, the light of each individual star has to be divided by  $4\pi R^2$  to tell us the intensity of light from it which is received here. This is true of all the stars in the shell, and, therefore, the total light we receive from all the

stars in the shell is the total light they send out divided by  $4\pi R^2$ . This division leads to the cancellation of the factor  $4\pi R^2$  and we are left with  $HNL$ . It will be seen that this does not involve the radius of the shell at all. Accordingly, on this basis, the amount of light we receive from any shell of equal thickness is the same irrespective of the radius of the shell. If, therefore, we add shell after shell, then, since we get the same amount of light from each shell, the amount received will go up and up without limit. On this basis, we should be receiving an infinite amount of light from all the shells stretching out to infinity. However, this argument not only leads to an absurd conclusion, but is not quite right. For each star, in addition to sending out light, obstructs the light from the stars beyond it. In other words, we will not be receiving light from stars in the very distant shells because there will generally be a star in between us and there—a nearer star—which will intercept the light. Of course, it will be realised that stars send out very much light, considering how small a surface they have. Therefore, this obscuring or shadowing effect is not very strong; it will prevent the sum going up to infinity, but it still leads to our getting from all these shells of stars a flood of light equal to 50,000 times sunlight when the sun is in the zenith.

On this basis, then, it should be incredibly bright both day and night. Everything would be burnt up; it would correspond to a temperature of over 10,000 degs. F. Naturally, this remarkable result astonished Olbers, and he tried to find a way out. He thought that this flood of light might be stopped by obscuring clouds of matter in space between us and these distant stars. However, this way of escape does not work. For, if there were such a cloud, it would be getting hot owing to the very fact that it was absorbing light from stars; and it would go on getting hotter and hotter until it was so hot that it started to glow. And it would cease to get hotter only when it radiated by its glow as much light as it received from the stars. And then it would not be a shield worth having any longer. Other ways out have been tried, but none of them work. We are, therefore, inevitably led to the result that, on the basis of Olbers' assumptions, we should be receiving a flood of light which is not, in fact, observed.

This little argument may well serve as a prototype of scientific arguments. We start with a theory, the set of assumptions that Olbers made. We have deduced from them by a logical argument consequences that are susceptible to observation, namely, the brightness of the sky. We have found that the forecasts of the theory do not agree with observation, and thus the assumptions on which the theory is based must be wrong. We know, as a result of Olbers' work, that whatever may be going on in the depths of the universe, they cannot be constructed in accordance with his assumptions. By this method of empirical disproof, we have discovered something about the universe and so have made cosmology a science.

In order to escape from this paradox, we have to drop at least one of his assumptions. In the light of modern knowledge described in the previous article, the reader will have no difficulty in spotting the assumption that has to be dropped. It is the one that the universe is static. If the universe is expanding, then the distant stars will be moving away from us at highest speeds, and, as Dr. Lyttleton described in one of his articles, it is well known from ordinary physics that light emitted by a receding source is reduced in intensity compared with light emitted by a source at rest. With an expanding universe, such as the one we live in, it may indeed be dark at night, for the light from the distant shells is tremendously weakened by the fact that the luminous objects in them are rushing away from us at high speed. Thus, the darkness of the night sky, the most obvious of all astronomical observations, leads us almost directly to the expansion of the universe, this remarkable and outstanding phenomenon discovered by modern astronomy.

Other changes made by modern astronomy in Olbers' assumptions are relatively minor. It is true that we know that our stars do not go on and on, but form a large stellar system, our galaxy; but we also know that beyond our galaxy there are millions and millions of other galaxies, all more or less like ours. We could, therefore, put Olbers' argument into [Continued opposite.]

## THE DEPTH OF SPACE: CLUSTERS OF GALAXIES THROUGH A GREAT TELESCOPE.



1. A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CLUSTER OF GALAXIES AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT 200 MILLION LIGHT YEARS. MOST GALAXIES OCCUR IN SUCH CLUSTERS.



2. A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CLUSTER OF GALAXIES—SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE CLEARLY VISIBLE HERE—ABOUT 500 MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY.



3. A CLUSTER OF GALAXIES, 1500 MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY.

In each of these photographs the numerous diffuse objects are galaxies forming part of a cluster. The clear objects are stars near to us. Photographs 3 and 4 show galaxies so far away that they are only just visible through the world's largest telescope, the 200-in. Hale

*Continued.]* modern language by changing the reference to stars going on and on in space to galaxies going on and on. The substance of the argument would not be affected. Not only are the galaxies individually remarkable objects (they fall into various types, as was discussed previously) but they appear to be most extraordinarily sociable. Very few, if any, of them occur singly in space. Most of them stick together to form clusters of galaxies.



4. A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FIELD OF FAINT GALAXIES.

telescope at Mount Palomar, California. The white lines have been drawn on photograph 4 to show more clearly the position of the faint, far-distant galaxies. This last photograph was taken with the greatest magnification.

Some of these clusters do not contain a very large number of members, like our own local cluster of galaxies; but some of them are extraordinarily rich and contain vast numbers. Some, indeed, are supposed to contain 10,000 or more individual galaxies. It is one of the major tasks of the theory of cosmology not only to account for the existence of the galaxies themselves, but even more to account for the remarkable fact that they form these vast clusters.



I CAN never see any Barbizon paintings without thinking of Soames Forsyte and his picture gallery down at Mapledurham. I suppose that is because I read Galsworthy at an impressionable age; I wonder what young people make of "The Forsyte Saga" nowadays? Certainly Soames' fears about the value of his possessions were justified, but only in the short run—twenty and thirty years ago paintings by Daubigny were, I am told, very nearly unsalable, and it is surprising to realise that there has been no Daubigny exhibition in London since 1890.

The Hazlitt Gallery now comes to the rescue with an exhibition of thirty-three paintings, all of them owned in this country. One or two belong to public galleries—Glasgow and Aberdeen—and some have been seen in previous mixed exhibitions at the Gallery. Chief among these, or, at any rate, the one which made a very vivid impression upon me at the time, is the "Apple-Trees in Blossom," painted in 1874, last seen in public three years ago. Standing before it for a second time, I found myself wandering down a marvellous French byroad, for these springtime orchards fascinated others besides Daubigny. Monet was fond of them and so was Sisley; Van Gogh was destined to do some glorious canvases on the same theme down at Arles, and there's a lovely thing by Pissarro in the Louvre, painted in 1877, of his kitchen garden at Pontoise with the trees in blossom. And how very odd that what was so stimulating a challenge to the last half of the 19th century does not seem to have attracted the painters of an earlier generation. I await a rebuke from the erudite by noting here that I cannot recall a painting whose theme was blossom by any of the great men of either the 17th or 18th century, whether in France or England. Not even the young Gainsborough down in Suffolk considered the subject interesting enough.

Daubigny's chief love seems to have been the River Oise; he built his own boat, *Le Botin*, which he used as a floating studio—launched triumphantly in 1857—an idea which was taken up by his friend Monet later. But all rivers were his delight, the Thames no less than the waterways in the neighbourhood of Paris, and he painted many views near London when he was here, first in 1866 and then again in 1870. His first visit to England was at the invitation of a group headed by the then Sir Frederic Leighton; his second was as a refugee from the 1870 war with Monet. While in London, he introduced Monet to the dealer Durand-Ruel, who was destined to come very near to complete ruin by his support of the Impressionist painters.

One has read a lot about the official attitude to painters of the calibre of Renoir and Cézanne; it is as well to be reminded that two members of

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### A DAUBIGNY EXHIBITION.

the Salon jury of 1866 were Corot and Daubigny and both voted against rejection, that two years later Daubigny used his influence to have Monet, Manet and Pissarro accepted, and that both he and Corot resigned in 1870 because their fellow members refused Monet. In short, to use to-day's jargon, by no means all the Establishment were anti-modernity; but then Corot especially, and with him Daubigny, were never hidebound and were notoriously eager to help young men. Daubigny's last journey in *Le Botin* was in 1877, painting the Seine; he died early the following

is a vivid rapid study of vines (apparently done on the spot while seated on the ground, for the vines rise up before one like forest trees)—one of the preliminary sketches for "La Vendange," exhibited in the Salon of 1863 and bought for the Louvre at the sale of the artist's paintings after his death. "La Vendange" drew some sour criticism from Théophile Gautier.

Indeed, in rebuking Daubigny he seems to have used the word "impressionism" which was destined to provide a derisory name for the group of painters who contributed to the famous exhibition of 1874 in the rooms of the photographer Nadar, in which Monet showed a painting catalogued as "Impression of Sunrise." But by then, with memories of the Commune only three years back, anyone who had the slightest originality was regarded as a danger to society. Yet even in the hey-day of the Second Empire men of talent were looked upon askance; what an absurd fuss about Manet's "*Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*"!—and a pontificating newspaper could say this of Daubigny and his friends in 1864: "Among Corot's followers range all those who, having neither talent for drawing nor gift for colouring, hope to find glory with the least effort under his banner." There is just this substratum of truth perhaps in so ill-natured and vinegary a remark; Daubigny never pretended he was greater than Corot and was proud to be regarded as his disciple. He lit no torch, blazed no trail, set no Thames, or Seine, or Oise, on fire, founded no school, any more than, say, the best of Rembrandt's many pupils or—to return to his own generation, painters like Lepine or Boudin. Why criticise any of them because they are neither Corot nor Cézanne?



"TALIFERME EN BRETAGNE," BY CHARLES DAUBIGNY (1817-1878): A LARGE AND DRAMATIC CANVAS PAINTED IN 1865, FROM THE CURRENT LOAN EXHIBITION DEVOTED TO THIS ARTIST NOW ON VIEW AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 33 by 57½ ins.)



"LE BOTIN EN REMORQUE," BY DAUBIGNY, PAINTED c. 1867, FROM HIS OWN STUDIO BOAT, *LE BOTIN*, WHILE IT WAS BEING TOWED BY A BARGE. THE EXHIBITION, WHICH IS THE FIRST IN LONDON TO BE DEVOTED TO THIS ARTIST SINCE 1890, CLOSES ON NOVEMBER 21. (Oil on panel: 6 by 9½ ins.)

year, three years after his friend and master Corot. It was the end of an era.

Looking round these thirty-three pictures one is impressed, first by their variety, for most of my generation were brought up to believe that the typical Daubigny picture was a duck-pond with a smudge of spinach-green trees around it, very smooth and quiet. Was that just bright, brittle talk, or was that the sort of Daubigny most admired by the generation of Soames Forsyte? There are one or two canvases here which perhaps do come into this category, but they are very few. What is fascinating is to find oneself in front of a seascape which might have been painted by Courbet, and by another with more than a hint of Boudin, and by yet another which no one but a considerable specialist in the Barbizon school would at first sight label Daubigny at all. This

istic Barbizon-type picture—a little Corot with a hint of Millet but a great deal more of Daubigny himself than of either—meets one on every wall. Does this imply that Daubigny was merely a sponge, soaking up influences from stronger characters and having no distinct personality of his own? Far from it. In the past he was so unfortunate as to be associated in most people's minds with rather tame, dreamy subjects.

It is to establish that his range was far wider than was once thought—that the banal Daubigny of the duck-pond legend was the decidedly lively Daubigny of sea and sky and stormcloud and high winds—that this show, I presume, has been arranged. In this it succeeds with remarkable clarity and thus does tardy justice to a reputation which, perhaps once overpraised, can now, at this distance of time, be seen at its true value.

## TWO INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN A LONDON EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.



"A VIEW ON THE IJSEL," BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1600-1676): A LARGE LANDSCAPE, SIGNED AND DATED 1644, WHICH IS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil on panel: 29½ by 43 ins.)



"FETES ET ADIEUX DES CHASSEURS," BY PHILIP WOUVERMAN (1614-1668): SIGNED WITH INITIALS, AND A COMPANION TO A PAINTING IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY. (Oil on panel: 20½ by 26½ ins.)



"THE SHRIMP GIRL," BY FRANS HALS (1580-1666): NEWLY DISCOVERED TO BE THE WORK OF HALS, AND PROBABLY A MODELLO FOR A LARGER PAINTING. (Oil on panel: 10½ by 12½ ins.)



"THE LETTER," BY GASPAR NETSCHER (1639-1684): A CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING BY THE DISCIPLE OF TERBORCH, AT THE LEONARD KOETSER GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 13 by 11 ins.)



"HEAD OF A PEASANT," BY PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (1530-1569): ANOTHER DISCOVERY, FORMERLY HANGING IN VIENNA. (Oil on panel: 10½ by 7½ ins.)



"STILL LIFE," BY WILLIAM CLAESZ HEDA (1594-AFTER 1678): INCLUDING THE EVER-PRESENT PEELED LEMON WHICH HE COULD SELDOM RESIST. (Oil on panel: 23 by 29 ins.)



"A STILL LIFE WITH SPRING FLOWERS," BY JAN BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (DE VELOURS) (1568-1625), THE YOUNGER SON OF PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER. (Oil on panel: 15½ by 23½ ins.)

The autumn exhibition devoted mainly to Dutch and Flemish Old Masters at the Leonard Koetser Gallery, 13, Duke Street, S.W.1, contains among a number of excellent paintings two whose authorship was until recently uncertain: one a study of a Shrimp Girl by Frans Hals, painted with that nervous and tense vigour so characteristic of his best pictures. It is a small panel, and the colours are rich and sombre. The second is even more startling: a head of a peasant by the elder Pieter Brueghel. If the artist was even remotely accurate, he must have been a forbidding bumpkin: an uncouth

face with a drinker's scarlet nose, a mouth which is hardly a Cupid's bow, a heavy growth of stubble and a black saucepan hat pulled hard over red hair and widely-spaced eyes. Perhaps it is as well for one's peace of mind that this, too, is a small picture. Among the other thirty or so paintings in the exhibition are the large Ruysdael and the Wouverman illustrated above, a tranquil and very fine large Brazilian landscape by Frans Post, a Backhuysen scene of shipping and a pair of oval-shaped panels by Ostade. The exhibition closes at the end of the month.



DAYBREAK IN THE MOUNTAINS: A BREATH-TAKING VIEW OF THE AIGUILLE DU GEANT WITH ITS SURROUNDING RANGES, SEEN AT THE MOST MIRACULOUS HOUR OF THE DAY.

"Freedom is on the mountains," said Schiller, and when we look at this magnificent view of the Aiguille du Géant with daybreak coming over the Alps, we can recapture something of that feeling of release. Dr. Washburn was able to make use of the *Super Cub* 135 aircraft in which the celebrated Herr Hermann

Geiger has developed his amazing and heroic techniques for mountain rescue. The aircraft is equipped with ski-wheels which enable it to land on snowfields, glaciers and other almost inaccessible places of the mountains. Thus Dr. Washburn had the advantage of the best possible manœuvrability for taking his pictures,

and they are perhaps the finest aerial photographs of the Alps ever taken. In this picture of the aptly-named Giant's Needle, the immensity of the peak and the surrounding ranges can be gauged by the five tiny figures of climbers, four seated and one standing, on the snow ridge to the right of the peak. Since the

Romantics first discovered in the last century that mountains were beautiful, the Alps have continued to produce exercise, excitement and a perpetual urge to understand and find out more about them, in those people who fall under their spell. These pictures are yet another example of a new discovery that they have inspired.



THE SOUTH FACE OF THE ZINAL ROTHORN IN A HEAVY WESTERLY WIND STORM: A REMARKABLE STUDY OF SNOW FORMATIONS, IN FOLDS AND OVERHANGS.

STUDIES IN THE MOODS OF MOUNTAINS : THE ZINAL ROTHORN AND THE MATTERHORN.

THE constant drama of the interactions of snow, storm, wind and rock that can be studied at their clearest in the Alps, has been almost miraculously caught in these pictures. Turner, who had a passion for climbing mountains in all weathers to grasp their every mood, would have delighted in this method of coming nearer to his favourite landscape. One of the most striking scenes is that of the east face of the Matterhorn, appearing with its snow-covered crags out of clouds in stormy August weather. The Zinal Rothorn also presents a fantastic picture with the icy vastness of the snow which lies about it in layers of folds and overhangs.

(Right)  
THE UPPER WEST FACE OF THE MATTERHORN BLOWN CLEAR OF CLOUDS: A BRILLIANT AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN SWITZERLAND.



BREAKFAST ON THE AIGUILLE DU PLAN: FOUR CLIMBERS ENJOYING A MEAL IN THE EARLY MORNING ON THIS DANGEROUS-LOOKING PEAK ABOVE CHAMONIX.



TWILIGHT AND APPROACHING STORM—THE BRENVÀ FACE OF MONT BLANC SEEN FROM OVER THE HEAD OF THE MER DE GLACE: A SCENE THAT MIGHT HAVE INSPIRED TURNER.

THE MOST DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ALPS EVER PUBLISHED: FAMOUS MOUNTAINS FROM THE AIR.

These unusually beautiful aerial photographs of the Alps were taken by Dr. Bradford Washburn, the Director of the Museum of Science, Boston, who first gained his experience of them thirty years ago. He has done much work in the exploration and photographing of the mountains of Alaska. These pictures are the result of his return to the Alps. Dr. Washburn was flown

by pilots from the famous Sion airport, in Switzerland. His pictures that benefit from long experience of mountain photography and his intimate knowledge of the mountains, with their strongly-marked individual moods and features, will help to recreate impressions and memories of short holidays and even longer stays that many of our readers may have spent among them.

GALLERIES AND SALE-  
ROOMS IN LONDON:



"MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA ALEXANDRIA," BY MRS. NICOLE HORNBY: NOW AT THE TRAFFORD GALLERY.  
(Water-colour: 14 by 10½ ins.)

The Trafford Gallery, 119, Mount Street, W.1, is holding an attractive exhibition of Flower Paintings by Mrs. Nicole Hornby, two of which are shown above. This is Mrs. Hornby's first "one-man" show. A very different exhibition was recently held at the Wildenstein



"DR. GLYN DANIEL PICNICS," BY MR. VILLIERS DAVID: A CANVAS OF CONSIDERABLE WIT FROM HIS RECENT EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS HELD AT THE WILDENSTEIN GALLERY.

Gallery, 147, New Bond Street, W.1, of paintings by Mr. Villiers David, one of which is illustrated here. An excellent and vigorous draughtsman, Dr. David paints with a mildly outrageous wit and an irresistible zest. A cryptic still-life he called "The Seduction."



"ROSE DAINTY MAID," BY MRS. NICOLE HORNBY: THE PAINTING MAKES A PAIR WITH THE MAGNOLIA ALSO ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE. (Water-colour: 14 by 10½ ins.)



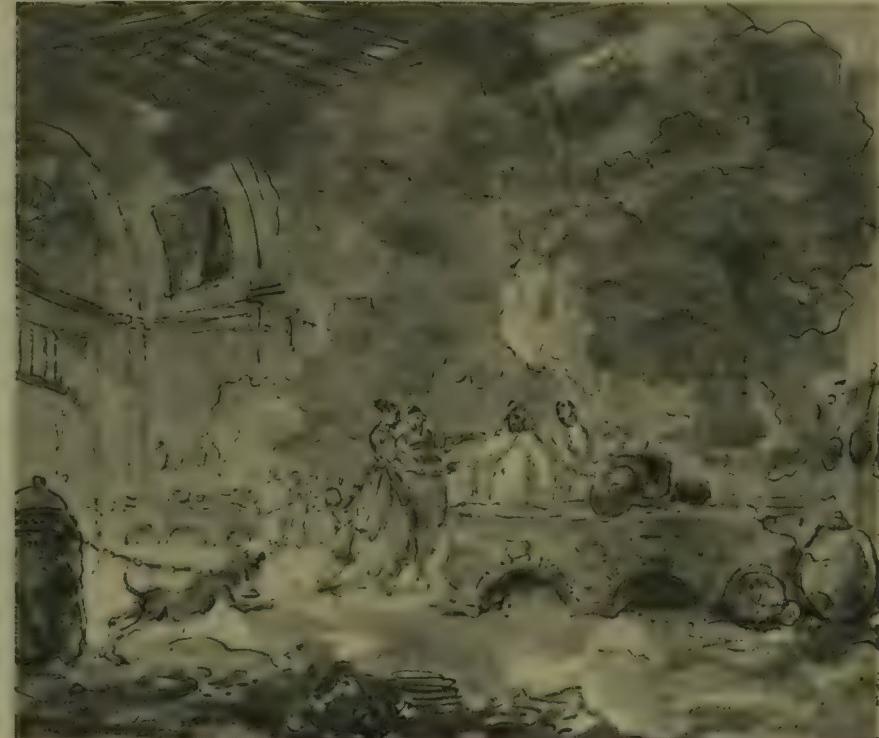
"FARM BY A LAKE," BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802): PAINTED c. 1795, ONE OF THE PAINTINGS PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN MANNING NOW ON VIEW. (Water-colour: 10 by 16 ins.)



"ON THE WHARFE, NEAR BOLTON," BY PETER DE WINT (1784-1849): ALSO IN MR. JOHN MANNING'S CURRENT EXHIBITION AT HIS NEW GALLERY. (Water-colour: 11½ by 17 ins.)



"CHRIST PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE," A HIGHLY IMPORTANT ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (c. 1605-1669) WHICH IS TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON NOVEMBER 12. One of Rembrandt's rarest and most important prints is to be sold at Sotheby's, 34-35, New Bond Street, W.1, on November 12. "Christ Presented to the People" (fourth state) was executed when Rembrandt was at the height of his powers. It was last sold in England in 1937.

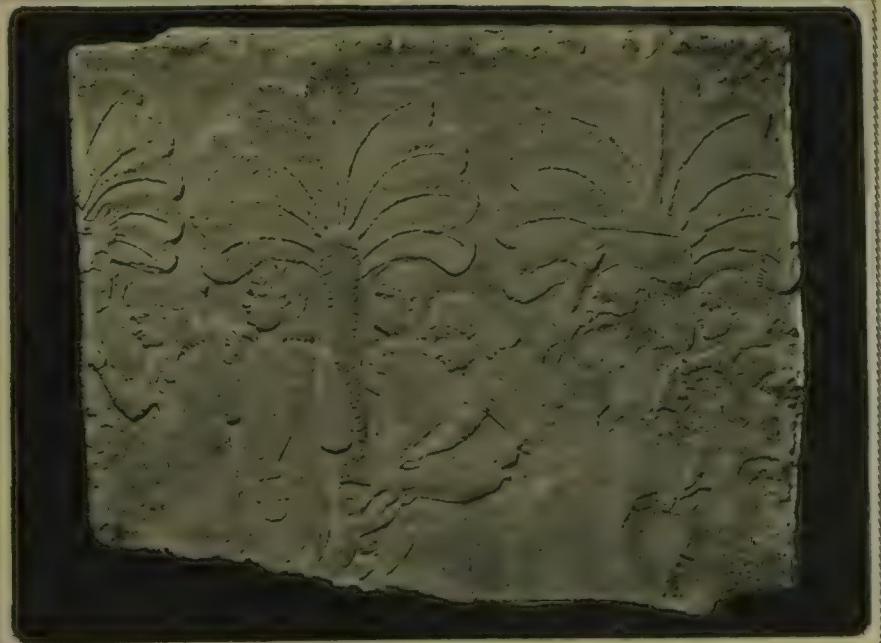


"INTERIEUR DE CUISINE DANS UN PALAIS EN RUINES," BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808): IN MR. W. R. JEUDWINE'S COLLECTION. (Pen, ink and wash: 7½ by 8½ ins.) Two exhibitions of Old Master Water-colours and Drawings currently on view in London have obviously been assembled with great taste and personality. Both give the pleasing impression of being private collections. John Manning's Twelfth Exhibition of Water-colours and Drawings, on view until the beginning of December at his new gallery at 71, New Bond Street, W.1, includes the two paintings illustrated on this page. At the Alpine Gallery, 74, South Audley Street, W.1, Miss Yvonne French and Mr. Wynne Jeudwine are presenting their current collections until November 21.

**ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS FROM A SCHOOL  
TUCK-SHOP: FINE ASSYRIAN RELIEFS.**



ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS FROM A SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP—NOW TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S. PERHAPS THE FINEST OF THE ASSYRIAN RELIEFS REDISCOVERED AT CANFORD SCHOOL, SHOWING AN EXODUS OF CAPTIVES. (Limestone, 30 by 26 ins.)



THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THE RELIEFS: BABYLONIAN CAPTIVE WOMEN BEING BROUGHT TO THE KING, AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PALMS. (Limestone, 33 by 25 ins.)



PART OF A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION: A SLAVE BOY LEADS A HORSEMAN PAST A PALM-TREE TRUNK. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE SIX FISHES. (Limestone: 33 by 24 ins.)



A BATTLE SCENE. IN THE CENTRE, TWO AUXILIARIES OF THE ASSYRIANS ADVANCE WITH BOWS BENT; ON THE LEFT, A FOOT-SOLDIER. (White limestone: 28 by 18 ins.)



ANOTHER BATTLE SCENE. A BOWMAN AND SPEARMEN WITH CIRCULAR SHIELDS ATTACK AND A HORSEMAN FALLS, AGAINST A CONVENTIONAL ROCKY BACKGROUND. (White limestone: 33 by 27 ins.)



THREE CAPTIVES, PROBABLY CHALDAEANS, GUARDED BY AN ASSYRIAN BOWMAN, WHO IS FOLLOWED BY TWO OXEN DRAWING A CART. (Limestone: 32 by 26 ins.)

We illustrate here six of the seven Assyrian reliefs (period of Sennacherib 705-681 B.C.) which are being offered for sale at Sotheby's on November 16. Their story is one of the oddest in archaeology, inasmuch as they were rediscovered in a school tuck-shop. Some months ago, Dr. R. D. Barnett, Keeper of Western Asiatic Antiquities, British Museum, acting on a hint from Sir Leonard Woolley, visited the school tuck-shop of Canford School, in Dorset, where he found these reliefs, high up and built into the inner wall of the school tuck-shop, covered over with whitewash and partly obscured by cereal packets; and identified them as Assyrian reliefs in limestone—one, rather damaged, is in Mosul marble—most probably from the

South-West Palace at Kuyunjik, the Palace of Sennacherib. They have now all been taken out, cleaned and are being offered for sale. Their origin seems clear. Canford Manor, before it became a school in the 1920's, was once the home of Sir John Guest, the father-in-law of Sir Henry Layard, the great Victorian excavator of Nineveh. Sir John Guest formed a private collection of Assyrian sculpture and what was once his museum is now the Canford tuck-shop. The reliefs are all that remains of that collection, most of which was sold to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, nearly thirty years ago. The relief which is not illustrated is in Mosul marble and shows a member of the King's bodyguard standing beside a horse.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH the county of Kent is one of those which are suitable for wine-growing (see *The Illustrated London News*, October 31, 1959), my own site is not a good one. True, it

is exposed to the south and is at a sufficient altitude to be almost free from spring frost: but it is not a really "early" site, and the soil, brick earth and clay, is cold, retentive of water but too "strong" for vines. So that what we can do here, others can do more easily and successfully elsewhere; and are, in fact, doing.

The vineyard was started in 1948 by importing from France cuttings of two very early and *Hâtif* varieties; a *Hâtif* variety of a fruit-plant is one which hastens the production and ripening of its fruit from burgeoning to full maturity. In warm climates, this means an early vintage; in cold ones, it means that the fruit will have time to ripen before autumn frosts.

These two varieties were *Gamay Hâtif des Vosges* and *Seyve-Villard 5276*. The first is a pure *V. vinifera*, the second a hybrid; the first produces tiny bunches of tiny black grapes, the second, medium to quite large bunches of medium-sized white, or rather pale amber, grapes. Both grew well and, in their third year, produced large crops which ripened and made good wines.

I must say something of the distinction between *V. vinifera* and hybrid varieties. *Vitis vinifera*, belonging to the family *Vitaceae* (formerly *Ampelidæ*), is the vine of history. It occurs wild from the Caucasus to Spain, was first domesticated probably in prehistoric Armenia, spread south as a cultigen through Phoenicia to Egypt, diversifying as it went, came into Europe by way of both Crete and Thrace, and had reached the Rhine and probably England by the fourth century at latest. Its variation is staggering: the *Ampelography* of Viala and Vermorel, a description of vites cultigen published in the 19th century, is in eleven enormous volumes and is far from complete. *V. vinifera* is the only species of the Eurasian lands, but Asia has about eleven others, some in cultivation as ornamentals; and North America something like thirty-five species, but the nomenclature is so confused that an exact figure is hard to arrive at. European settlers started taking these vines into cultivation in the 17th century, and at the same time started trying to introduce Old World vines, in which, excepting in California, they failed. The reason for this failure was as follows: American vites have three parasites, two of them fungi and one an aphid. They had developed resistance to them. But when Old World vines were exposed to infection, being without any evolved resistance, they succumbed completely.

The introduction of American vites to Europe as cultigen brought the parasites into Europe: the first to become troublesome, *Oidium uncinulata*, was dealt with quickly. It made its first appearance at Ramsgate, was treated by the gardener with sulphur, and controlled. Sulphur control soon spread to France. The second scourge, *Plasmopara viticola*, commonly called mildew, was more serious, but the French succeeded in controlling it with copper, and copper-lime sprays have been *de rigueur* ever since. The third and worst pest was, of course, the dread *Phylloxera vastatrix*, which, in its root-dwelling phase, very nearly exterminated European viticulture. Salvation was found in grafting European vines on to American rootstocks, a practice which has been universal ever since. There is one country in Europe where it is not necessary: England has no phylloxera. The union of Old and New World vines in a joint alliance against this aphid led to the idea of an even closer union by cross-breeding. I have no space to tell that fascinating story: the

### A VINEYARD IN KENT.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

great snag was the "foxy" taste of certain American grapes. The conclusion at the present time is that there are now hybrid vines which are resistant to both fungus diseases and to phylloxera, though only very partially so to the latter; which have much of the quality of the best European grapes; and which have "hybrid vigour" and immense fruitfulness.

While continuing to cultivate the two original varieties, we brought in, year after year, other promising kinds and are still doing so. The most



A SINGLE BUNCH OF THE LATE VARIETY LANDOT 3381. THIS IS A VERY VIGOROUS VARIETY AND OLD PLANTS CAN PRODUCE BUNCHES UP TO 12 LB. IN WEIGHT. THIS IS A YOUNG VINE, HOWEVER, AND THE BIGGEST BUNCHES WERE BARELY 2 LB. (Photograph by Douglas Weaver.)

promising in our vineyard at the moment is an Italian, bred by Ubizzoni, successor to that great vine-breeders of northern Italy, Professor Pirovano. At Oxted, the most interesting new introduction is the German Siegerebe.

Variety was by no means the only thing we had to investigate. The second most important was pruning. Mr. Brock, since he wished to make his trials as nearly as possible truly comparative, adopted a single system of pruning, that known by the name of Dr. Jules Guyot. The Guyot system is one of almost total renewal combined with severe constraint. We have found it perfectly satisfactory with some varieties, utterly

hopeless with others. For example, we originally applied this system to a variety called *Baco I* which, this year, has provided us with the bulk of our red wine grapes. It is fantastically vigorous, however, growing as much as a foot a day in midsummer, and in the end we were forced to grow it as a very long horizontal cordon. Other methods have had to be tried for other varieties, so that the vineyard is by no means regular or symmetrical. On the whole, however, it has proved possible to plant vines a yard apart in rows a yard apart and to apply the Guyot pruning to most of them.

We have never lost a grape to spring frosts, the bane of the Continental *viticulteur* even as far south as the Rhône Valley. On the other hand, in 1958, the wettest year since we started, only *Gamay Hâtif* ripened, and the blackbirds ate the crop, which was small. This variety, so good at first, has proved very difficult to keep fruitful; the older it grows, the worse it seems to bear. Only my conviction that there must be a way to correct this fault has prevented me from grubbing it up. *Seyve-Villard 5276*, on the other hand, continues enormously fruitful, with a tendency to exhaust and even kill itself by bearing too much.

In many ways the most valuable *vinifera* variety we have, first tried by Mr. Brock, is *Riesling x Sylvaner*. Both names will be recognised as famous in Alsace, Lorraine, and the German vineyards. But the offspring of this cross is earlier than either parent, ripening a large crop of amber berries rather early in the season. It is now our practice to mix its crop with the *Seyve-Villard 5276* grapes, for the *Riesling x Sylvaner* provides the character which the hybrid lacks.

As I have said, England is not infested with phylloxera, and provided would-be wine-growers refrain from importing rooted vines, confining themselves to cuttings, there is an excellent chance of keeping the pest out: it has made several attempts at invasion, defeated by prompt action on the part of the Ministry of Agriculture. We are not, then, obliged to graft; this does not mean that there is no point in doing so: the French have bred and selected an enormous range of root-stocks and by the use of these it is possible to match your variety to your soil. (The oft-repeated theory that you can not grow grapes in clay is, of course, rubbish: half the most famous vineyards in the world are on clay.) As to the two fungus diseases, my own experience has been that whereas oidium is negligible in England, at least in Kent, so that we do no sulphur dusting at all, mildew is active and we are obliged to spray all *viniferas* with Bordeaux mixture several times every season. The susceptibility of varieties varies enormously; it is almost impossible to keep the otherwise valuable *Précoce de Malingre* free from mildew; but we never spray any of the hybrids at all, and have never had a bad case of mildew on one of them.

Gardeners are apt to ask whether, with a small garden, it is worth while trying to grow grapes for wine. A space 30 ft. by 30 ft. will accommodate 90 plants. Very, very roughly speaking, one vine should yield one bottle of wine a year. The gardener must decide for himself whether 30 ft. square of his garden is worth ninety bottles of wine. Another question we have often been asked comes from the owners of very large gardens who would like to make them pay and wonder whether they could do so by planting a large vineyard. The answer we feel obliged to give them is, No. This does not mean that it could not be done; it means that an experienced man with the right site, varieties and equipment, which is dear, might be able to do it.

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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## THE GRAPES' PROGRESS, FROM VINE TO BARREL.



HARVESTING THE ITALIAN BLACK GRAPE *BACO I* ON GENERAL ELECTION DAY. THIS LARGE CROP HAD A SUGAR CONTENT OF 20 PER CENT. AND IS BEING VINIFIED EN ROUGE.

OUR vintage here (writes Mr. Edward Hyams) is made as and when the varieties grown are ready—that is, it is spread over as much as a month. First to be ready this year, as always, were the grapes of *Gamay Hâtif des Vosges*: the crop was very light in this single case, because we cannot persuade the vines to carry a real crop after their fourth year. As a rule, we are very pleased if we get a sugar-content of, say, 19 per cent. in these tiny grapes. This year the specific gravity of the must was 1.082, indicating the staggering sugar content of about 22 per cent. The wine should therefore be about 11 degs. alcohol, quite full-bodied and free from excessive acidity. The *Gamay* grapes were vinified *en rosé*. To our surprise the second crop ready to gather was the hybrid *Raval 262*, a handsome black grape in pretty bunches. The vine had very attractive foliage. The S.G. reading for this must was 1.075, so that the wine, also a *rosé*, should have about 10 per cent. alcohol (10 degs.). After these two blacks came the *vinifera* [Continued centre.]

THE GRAPES ARE WEIGHED AS PICKED—SO THAT THE YIELD OF JUICE PER LB. CAN BE ESTIMATED—AND THEN CARRIED IN LARGE BASKETS TO THE WINERY.



THE PRESS. AFTER A WEEK IN THE VATS, THE MUST IS PRESSED. THE FREE-RUN JUICE MAKES THE BEST WINE, THE FIRST PRESSING THE SECOND BEST, AND SO ON.

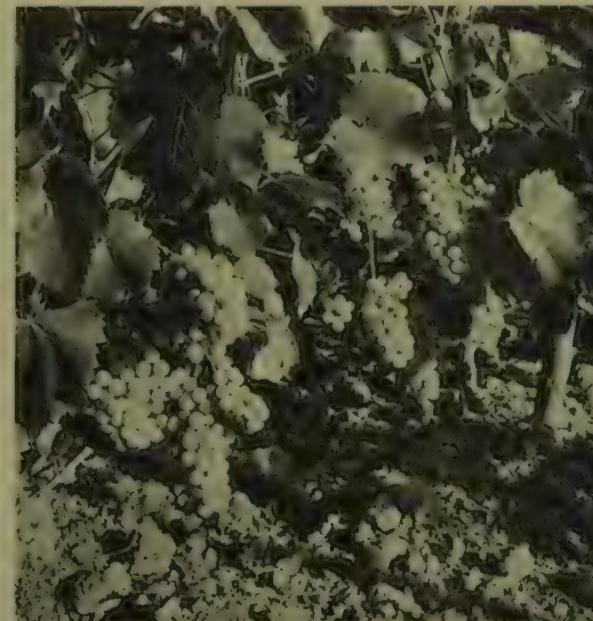
Continued.] *Riesling x Sylvaner* and the hybrid *Seyve-Villard 5276*, the vines of the latter yielding 5 lb. of grapes per plant. They were vinified together, the must giving a hydrometer reading of 1.076, so that the white wine from this must will have a satisfactory alcohol content and should keep for a year or two. In the past we have found it palatable and satisfying after six months in the cask and a year in bottle. The mixture of these two grapes gives us a clear, golden wine with a delicious nose, the *Riesling x Sylvaner* grape having inherited its aromatic quality from the *Riesling* parent. As we have had trouble with this wine taking up both unwanted colour and, in one case, a nasty smell of sulphur, from the barrels, it was vinified this year in 10-gallon acid carboys. The largest crop of any single variety was about 4 cwt. or a little less of the black hybrid *Baco I*. Discouraging past experience has made us chary of real vinification *en rouge*, but this year, with the grapes obviously very ripe by October 8, we felt [Continued right.]



AFTER FOULAGE, SOME JUICE IS DRAWN OFF FROM THE FERMENTING VAT AND A HYDROMETER DROPPED INTO IT. THIS GIVES THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND, SO, SUGAR CONTENT.



SOUTIRAGE. DURING THE SECOND FERMENT THE WINE IS KEPT ACTIVE BY DRAWING OFF FROM THE BOTTOM AND POURING BACK INTO THE TOP. THE COPPER VESSEL IS TUSCAN.



THE HYBRID VINE *SEYVE-VILLARD 5276* A TYPICAL PLANT IN A PLANTATION OF 200. AVERAGE CROP 6 LB. PER PLANT AND 14 LB. YIELDS A GALLON OF WINE. SEPTEMBER 2, 1959.

## A RECORD VINTAGE— IN A KENT VINEYARD.



FOULAGE—THE MECHANICAL EQUIVALENT OF "TREADING THE GRAPES." THIS SIMPLE MACHINE STRIPS THE GRAPES FROM THE BUNCHES AND BREAKS THEM UP.

*Continued.]* able to chance it for the sake of having a red wine. The grapes were therefore put through the foulage machine, a process which takes the place of the ancient treading of the grapes, fermented on the stalks and skins for three days, and only then pressed. We were inclined to leave these grapes on the vines until the end of October, but, despite netting, the blackbirds, thrushes and sparrows were taking fearful toll, so we harvested them earlier than we would otherwise have done. Even so, the must gave the satisfactory S.G. reading of 1.074. As, however, we have found English red wine to improve greatly if kept as long as possible in bottle, and as 9.8 degs. alcohol is barely enough for that purpose (which is why we are shy of making red wines), we decided to do a *chapteilisation*, i.e., to sugar the must so as to bring the alcohol potential up to 12 degs. Sugar added was 6 ozs. per gallon, not a serious expense. As it is, we shall have a supply for 1961 and 1962, allowing for consumption at about a quart a day for the household. This is a very satisfactory feeling!



WHITE WINE IS FERMENTED IN GLASS CARBOYS (LEFT). FOR THE SECOND FERMENT IT IS SIPHONED TO SMALL BARRELS, STERILISED (AS SHOWN) WITH A SPECIAL IMMERSION HEATER.



THE HYBRID VINE *LANDOT 338*, WHICH ONLY RIPENS WELL IN WARM YEARS. IT IS SO VIGOROUS IT CANNOT BE HARD-PRUNED AND IS GROWN LOOPED FROM TREES IN THE ORCHARD.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### WHICH ANIMALS MATE FOR LIFE?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE question is often asked whether this, that or the other animal mates for life. It seems to be a popular question in regard to the common fox. And I believe the greylag goose is supposed to mate for life, this being looked upon as one of its virtues. I confess I had given little real attention to the matter until receiving a letter from Dr. E. Donald Asselin, of Falmouth, Mass., in the last paragraph of which was a note about a prize white Angora, with three kittens, that had been given him. He told how the father of these kittens lives in Woods Hole, five miles away, and how for two years this tom-cat has walked all the way to court the female cat. "He will have nothing to do with other cats and she will fight off other stray cats. They have had four litters. It

instances of a dog-fox continuing the feeding and upbringing of cubs after the vixen has been killed. I am, however, influenced more by what I have seen in my tame foxes. The vixen has now had three litters and each time there has been the same pattern of behaviour. With the birth of the cubs the dog-fox has started to bring food to the vixen, whereas at other times he will take as much as he can of the food supplied, or even rob her of her share. He has continued bringing the vixen food until the cubs were weaned, after which he has reverted to his customary selfish habits. More important, when he first brings her food he utters a call heard at no other time, and the vixen

captivity causes the dog-fox to feed the vixen as soon as the cubs are born, which is a complete reversal of normal behaviour outside the breeding season, and it is even more difficult to believe that captivity causes the dog-fox to use the special call when doing so. Captivity may modify behaviour, but it does not lead a fox to invent a special call nor the vixen to understand its meaning immediately, unless they have very much greater powers of communicating by voice than we normally suppose.

Perhaps we are too prone to think in terms of "the common attraction of species or female for male" and to neglect emotional values. Even as low in the scale as fishes, it seems that a bond may be established as a result of mating. Thus, there have been occasions when two fishes in an aquarium have spawned and then have been separated. At the next spawning period the female, now in an aquarium with another male, but able to see her former mate in an adjacent aquarium, has swum towards him as if anxious to join him for the spawning. Such instances may be exceptional, but they have occurred. There is, indeed, an indication of emotional values such as that we call falling in love, and on this, as well as on other counts, it is possible to suggest that in higher animals "being in love with" and "being mated to" can be two distinct things. In the wild these two conditions are likely to coincide. In captivity, or under domestication, they can be separate, from sheer force of circumstances. But if this distinction can be justified, then it is also justifiable to suggest that within a given species there is room for variation in behaviour, from mating for life to complete promiscuity.

It so happened that subsequent to the birth of our vixen's second litter we had a second dog-fox for a time in an adjacent pen. Although it was outside the breeding season, whenever the vixen saw the second dog-fox she squealed with delight and rolled about on the ground in what was almost a paroxysm of pleasure. If it was



THE CAUSE OF THE MOST BLATANT FLIRTATION ON THE PART OF A CAPTIVE VIXEN: A DOG-FOX WHO WAS PLACED IN AN ADJACENT PEN AND CAUSED, IN DR. BURTON'S WORDS, "ALMOST A PAROXYSM OF PLEASURE" IN THE VIXEN, ALTHOUGH IT WAS OUTSIDE THE BREEDING SEASON.

is uncanny that the male found this female in such a large area and refuses to mate with any other."

Whether this is anything of a rule with cats I would be unable to say, but my impression has always been that it is otherwise. As to the greylag goose, although it seems to be generally accepted that a goose and a gander remain "true for life" I can find nothing to suggest that this has been proven. It may be true, but for this or any other species unless it has been shown that a significant number of individuals in the species behaves this way then there is nothing that can be held to be a rule. It would be tolerably easy to test this in a population of geese by the modern method of ringing, but with most wild animals it must be virtually impossible to be sure. Foxes are a case in point. In the wild they are too difficult to keep under observation for any length of time, to be able to say one way or the other, and in captivity the circumstances are altered. Yet I have heard it confidently asserted that they do mate for life; and it has been equally confidently asserted that a dog-fox is wholly promiscuous.

Our ignorance of the ways of the common red fox could be held almost to epitomise how little we know of the private lives of animals, even of those living on our doorstep. For example, Douglas St. Leger Gordon, who has written the most complete account of the habits of the fox, is emphatic that once mating has taken place the dog-fox takes no further interest in the vixen, and accepts no responsibility for the care and upbringing of the cubs. He maintains that when the dog-fox remains in the neighbourhood of the earth where the vixen and cubs are living this is entirely fortuitous. Thus, ". . . there is not an iota of real evidence that he takes the slightest interest in either the vixen or her family, however, beyond the common attraction of species or female for male . . . there is no reason for crediting a vixen with less promiscuity than a bitch or a cat."

Gordon's experience in this is greater than mine, and yet the fact remains that I have met two

responds immediately to this call by coming out to take the food. Throughout the infancy of the cubs, also, the dog-fox has shown a greater disposition than the vixen to play with the cubs, and has continued to do so even at the end of their infancy when the vixen was already growing irritable with them.

It has often been said that you cannot judge from animals kept in captivity what they might do in the wild. If this is true, then about three-quarters of our knowledge of the behaviour of animals is founded on false premises. In the case of my foxes, they have sufficient room in their pen to keep away from each other, and for the first few years they kept very much to separate parts of the pen, except during the breeding season. As soon as they had mated for the first time they not only showed a greater disposition to be together, prior to the birth of the cubs, but there were many small actions between them indicative of affection. The most interesting part of the story is that now, after having mated several times, they are less prone to shun each other's company outside the breeding season. All this may or may not be due to their sharing a common captivity, but I find it difficult to believe that



A POSSIBLE INDICATION THAT A DOG-FOX DOES TAKE A LASTING INTEREST IN HIS VIXEN, AND THAT THE TWO MAY PRESERVE A BOND THAT LASTS FOR LIFE: THE DOG-FOX LOOKING ON MOST AFFECTIONATELY AS THE VIXEN MOVES ONE OF HER CUBS TO NEW QUARTERS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

not the most blatant flirtation, then this is a word the meaning of which I have consistently misunderstood.

All this amounts to no more than arguing from isolated examples, but such examples are the exceptions which test our rules. It may be that geese generally mate for life, and it may be that foxes, bitches and cats generally are promiscuous, but it also seems likely that in neither species is there an absolute rule. My own opinion is that we know far too little about these things to be dogmatic in any single instance. Of one thing I am sure, however; it is that we are much too prone to ignore the possibility of animals, especially the higher animals, having "inner feelings."

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**"TRIUMPH IN THE WEST":  
SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.**

Sir Arthur Bryant, who is well known to our readers as the writer of "Our Note Book" and for his many historical works, has published a new book, "Triumph in the West," a continuation of the narratives of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke's war diaries. The book is reviewed in this issue.

**ELECTED ANGLICAN PRIMATE OF  
AUSTRALIA: THE RT. REV. HUGH  
GOUGH.**

It was recently announced by the House of Archbishops and Bishops that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hugh R. Gough, Archbishop of Sydney, had been elected Anglican Primate of Australia. Dr. Gough, who is fifty-four, will succeed the late Archbishop Mowll, of Sydney.

**DELEGATE OF THE OXFORD  
UNIVERSITY PRESS:  
MISS HELEN GARDNER.**

Miss Helen Gardner, Professorial Fellow of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, will be the first woman delegate of the University Press. The appointment is for seven years. Miss Gardner is well known for her edition of the poems of John Donne, and for her critical works.

**A GREAT BARRISTER: THE LATE  
MR. WILLIAM FEARNLEY-  
WHITTINGSTALL, Q.C.**

Mr. William Fearnley-Whittingstall, Q.C., who died on October 28 at the age of eighty-five, was generally considered one of the most eminent post-war silks. He had been Recorder of Leicester since 1957, and in 1958 became a Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple.

**A WELL-KNOWN HISTORIAN: THE  
LATE EARL OF ILCHESTER.**

The Earl of Ilchester, who died in London on October 29 at the age of eighty-five, was well known for his scholarly writings about the Holland family. Among his works were "The Life of Henry Fox, First Lord Holland," and the "Chronicles of Holland House."

**A FAMOUS POET RECEIVING A MEDAL FROM THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS:  
MR. T. S. ELIOT (CENTRE) WITH DR. K. F. MATHER (RIGHT) AND MR. D. McCORD.  
Mr. T. S. Eliot, who was born in the United States, received at Boston, on October 22, the Emerson-Thoreau Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.**

The ceremony took place before an audience of 300 Fellows.

**A UNION LEADER ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH PRODUCTIVITY COUNCIL: MR. WILLIAM CARRON  
(CENTRE) WITH THE PRESENT CHAIRMAN, SIR MILES THOMAS (RIGHT), AND MR. A. B. WARING.  
Mr. William Carron, fifty-six, who is President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, has been elected chairman of the British Productivity Council in succession to Sir Miles Thomas. Mr. A. B. Waring, chairman of Joseph Lucas Ltd., has been elected the new vice-chairman of the Council.****WINNERS OF GOLD MEDALS FOR DESIGN: (L. TO R.) MISS L.  
GLEN, MRS. J. EVANS AND MR. J. SMITH.**

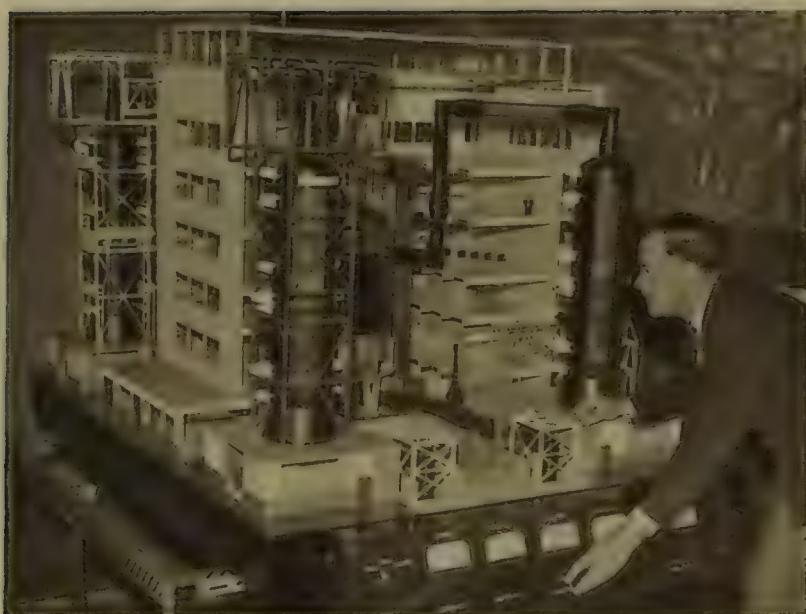
At the national competition organised by the Design and Research Centre for the Gold, Silver, Jewelry and Allied Industries the young competitors seen above were all successful in winning gold medals. The competition was held at Goldsmiths' Hall.

**AT THE 1959 LONDON DAIRY SHOW: MR. J. BOURNE (LEFT) WITH THE  
SUPREME AWARD WON BY HIS AYRSHIRE COW.**

The supreme individual championship at the London Dairy Show, Olympia, was won by Mr. John Bourne's seven-year-old Ayrshire cow, *Snowshill Marietta*. Mr. Bourne, whose herd is at Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, had once before won the award, in 1957. Mr. Bourne has won 115 show prizes this year.

**DR. WILCOCK, PIONEER OF A DEVICE FOR MULTIPLYING  
PICTURE BRIGHTNESS 50,000 TIMES.**

This amazing electronic device has been produced by Dr. Wilcock and his research student, Mr. D. L. Emberson, at the Department of Instrument Technology of the Imperial College of Science, London. It will have many uses in nuclear physics, astronomy and medicine.



A WORKING MODEL OF THE CALDER HALL NUCLEAR REACTOR ON SHOW AT THE ATOMIC ENERGY EXHIBITION IN SHEFFIELD WHICH OPENED ON NOVEMBER 6. ITS MAKER, COLONEL D. R. SKINNER, IS SEEN TESTING THE CONTROLS AT THE SIDE PANEL. THE EXHIBITION WILL BE SEEN AT SEVERAL PROVINCIAL CITIES.

## TWO STATUES UNVEILED; TECHNOLOGICAL PROGRESS; AND A CYCLONE IN MEXICO.



SMASHED BY A CYCLONE'S FURY: PART OF A DEVASTATED VILLAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANZANILLO, ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF MEXICO.  
Over 1500 people have died as a result of the cyclone which hit the Pacific coast of Mexico during the last week in October. Villages were submerged in water, many others were cut off, while the large number of sharks and scorpions in the area added to the danger.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY UNVEILING A STATUE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL—A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MAN FROM THE PEOPLE OF WANSTEAD AND WOODFORD.

On October 31 Field Marshal Lord Montgomery unveiled at Woodford, Essex, the statue of Sir Winston Churchill by Mr. D. MacFall. Nearly 9 ft. high, and weighing 2 tons, the bronze statue represents Sir Winston Churchill at the height of his power in 1945. The statue cost £5,000—raised from public subscription.



IN TRIBUTE TO ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST MEN AND MARKING THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF HER FIRST COLONY, JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA: MR. WHITNEY, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, UNVEILING THE STATUE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN WHITEHALL.



AND NOW A RADIO-TELPHONE SERVICE FOR MOTORISTS: MR. BEVINS, THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MAKING THE INAUGURAL CALL FROM A STATIONARY CAR AT LYMM, CHESHIRE, TO LORD ROOTES IN LONDON.



FLOODS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE: VENETIANS FORM A CROCODILE ON A TEMPORARY FOOTBRIDGE, WHILE THE POLICE WADE.  
An unusual sight recently was that of St. Mark's Square in Venice transformed into a lagoon by flooding. Well accustomed to water, Venetians waded to work, or used hastily-erected cat-walks.



AT THE LONDON DAIRY SHOW, OLYMPIA: PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE (LEFT) PRESENTING THE BLEDISLOE CHALLENGE TROPHY TO MRS. G. STRUTT, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH FRIESIAN CATTLE SOCIETY.

RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BORDER AREAS  
DISPUTED BY INDIA AND CHINA.



A VIEW OF THE BHARELI RIVER AT BHALUKPUNG, PART OF WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE CHINESE CLAIM FOR THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER AGENCY, NORTH OF ASSAM.



THE PHUTANG VALLEY, JUST SOUTH OF TAWANG, NOT FAR FROM THE BHUTAN BORDER: ANOTHER PART OF THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER AGENCY TERRITORY WHICH THE CHINESE CLAIM AS THEIRS.



A BUDDHIST MONASTERY AT LAMURU, IN LADAKH, WHICH IS THREATENED BY CHINESE INFILTRATION. THEY HAVE BUILT A ROAD RUNNING THROUGH INDIAN TERRITORY.



A SETTLEMENT AT MULBEK, NOT FAR FROM LEH: A VIEW OF THE TERRAIN TYPICAL OF THE DISPUTED AREA. SEVENTY INDIAN POLICEMEN WERE ATTACKED ON PATROL WEST OF LEH.



A VIEW FROM THE HEMIS MONASTERY LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS SALTI AND THE KARAKORAM RANGES. THIS IS EAST OF THE CHANG CHENMO VALLEY, WHERE THE ATTACK TOOK PLACE.



ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF LEH, THE CHIEF TOWN OF LADAKH. THE CHINESE CLAIM 6000 SQUARE MILES OF INDIAN TERRITORY TO THE WEST OF LEH.

These very rare pictures show something of the two main areas, the North-East Frontier Agency and Ladakh, which are the subjects of the extremely bitter border disputes between India and China. Relations between the two countries have got much worse since the crushing of the Tibetan rising and the reception accorded to the Dalai Lama and his fellow-refugees in India. The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, has been attempting to continue his policy of "non-alignment" in the face of strong Chinese provocation and increasing demands for border territory, especially in these two areas where there has never been an accepted long-standing agreement on the correct

delimitation. Ladakh comes under Kashmir and part of the territory claimed is held by Pakistan. The Chinese have built a road through Indian territory that links Western Tibet with a Sinkiang caravan route. The boundary was settled between Kashmir and China in 1842, although Mr. Nehru has said it was not clearly defined. The Chinese also claim all the North-East Frontier Agency as far south as the Himalayan foothills. The present frontier was defined as the MacMahon Line in 1914, although it was not accepted by China. The crisis came to a head on October 21 when the Chinese attacked an Indian police patrol. In consequence feeling against China is very strong in India.

## FILM PREMIERES, ROYALTY, A GIANT FLAGSTAFF AND A COMEDIAN CONDUCTOR.



IN AN UNFAMILIAR ROLE, BUT ENJOYING IT AS MUCH AS THE ORCHESTRA: MR. DANNY KAYE REHEARSING WITH THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA FOR A CHARITY MATINEE IN LONDON.



MAKING EACH OTHER LAUGH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. DANNY KAYE, WITH HIS WIFE, AT THE PREMIERE OF MR. KAYE'S LATEST FILM, "THE FIVE PENNIES." Mr. Danny Kaye's visits to London are inevitably popular occasions for all concerned. Arriving with his wife from Rome on October 18, he later attended the premiere of his latest film, "The Five Pennies." As part of a charity entertainment he also conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in the presence of Prince Philip.



SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS MARIA COOPER, DAUGHTER OF MR. GARY COOPER (CENTRE): PRINCESS MARGARET AT A FILM PREMIERE. ALSO SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IS MRS. GARY COOPER.



AT THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS BALL IN LONDON ON OCTOBER 21: A PENSIVE PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS THE GUEST OF HONOUR. Two of Princess Margaret's recent social functions, both connected with charity, have been the premiere in London of the film "They Came to Cordura," held in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and the Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy Hotel, where she was in a party brought by Major John Wills, the host.



SUPPORTED BY TWO CRANES, THE NEW 225-FT.-LONG FLAGSTAFF AT KEW GARDENS BEING MOVED INTO POSITION BY MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

The great flagstaff at Kew Gardens, illustrated in our issue of October 24, has now been moved to its permanent site: 225 ft. long, it has been carved from a Canadian Douglas fir, 275 ft. in length and estimated to be 270 years old. The tree was landed in July of last year.



SEEN FROM THE BASE AS IT IS SLOWLY MOVED TO ITS PERMANENT SITE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HUGE FLAGSTAFF AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, KEW.

## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 13: RELUCTANT DRAGONS.



OF TERRIFYING ASPECT AND GENTLE NATURE: TWO AUSTRALIAN LIZARDS, THE MOUNTAIN DEVIL AND THE FRILLED LIZARD.

These two horrifying-looking lizards have, in spite of all appearances, the most gentle of natures. The first, the Mountain Devil, also has a string of vilifying names, such as Horned Dragon, Thorny Devil and even *Moloch horridus*, which is rather hard on a creature whose only wish is to feed on ants and bask in the hot sun of its native Australia, rather like the "Reluctant Dragon"

of Kenneth Grahame. The Frilled Lizard (*Chlamydosaurus kingii*) employs an umbrella-like structure round its neck with which to ward off the misunderstandings of a cruel world. This remarkable frill is greenish-yellow splashed with red, and is generally effective in discomfiting unwelcome intruders. Here the frill is shown partly erected.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN I look back over the four plays I have just met, I see four people: the Dean of a Cambridge college, the keeper of a public-house in a North of England mining town eighty years ago, an undergraduate of St. Olde's College, Oxford, and an explosive extrovert from a French comedy. They form a very odd group indeed; but they are the people I shall remember when at least three of their plays have blurred into the mist. The fourth

Birmingham. Though I had gone off the old farce, it came back freshly in a production by Peter Powell—this first-rate director has just left the Alexandra after eleven of its annual seasons—and I found the fantastic goings-on at St. Olde's College, Oxford (c. 1892), quite as easy to believe, and not so pretentiously foolish, as the latest view of Cambridge (1959). The personage I take from the revival is Lord Fancourt Babberley himself: Derek Royle, acting with lightness and agility, lets the part play itself instead of shoving and thumping at it—I am not talking, by the way, of Norman Wisdom in the musical version; quite another thing—and, to my astonishment, I overheard myself laughing again at lines and situations that I thought had been wrung dry. Probably it was serene relief at the contrast with Ben Birt and Winkie Lloyd-Lumsden—Mr. Sinclair's devil of a fellow—but it was also a compliment to Mr. Royle's neatness as a *farceur*.

The third character in my group is not at the heart of

Musgrave never really fulfils himself as a character. The play has any amount of theatrical promise; the promise is dissipated because Mr. Arden, talking too much, has lost control. At first the atmosphere is there: the feeling of arrival in a dark, unfriendly, strike-bound, winter-nipped world, the strangeness of the four redcoats whose recruiting mission is clearly a blind for another and a more pressing purpose. We learn that purpose at last: Musgrave and his men, sickened by the work they were called upon to do on a punitive foray abroad, have deserted from the Army and are in the northern town to preach against war. Strained and fanatical, they bring with them a Gatling gun and a skeleton; both are prominent in a fierce third-act scene, an exercise of the imagination that does for a moment revive our respect for the dramatist.

But I cannot say that the piece is more than a bold attempt. Visually it can excite, with its ominous sets by Jocelyn Herbert, and the scarlet of those soldiers from the wars returning that may remind you of Housman's

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,  
And out we troop to see:  
A single redcoat turns his head.  
He turns and looks at me.

The market-place scene is an uncommon pictorial composition: it is dramatic as well, but much of the rest is confused, a thing of atmospherics, verbiage (the dramatist refuses to come to the point), and what is here, I feel, an unlucky addiction to "the ballad tradition in English poetry" (named in the programme as one of Mr. Arden's influences). There are very good performances: Mr. Bannen never loses heart, Patsy Byrne is an actress with a future, and Freda



"A MOST HAPPY EXHIBITION OF COMIC BRAVURA": A SCENE FROM THE OXFORD PLAYHOUSE PRODUCTION OF MARCEL ACHARD'S PARISIAN COMEDY "ROLLO," WHICH OPENED AT THE STRAND THEATRE ON OCTOBER 27.

In this argumentative scene Edith Rollo (Gwen Cherrell, left) and Véronique Carradine (Nicolette Bernard) seem perturbed at the altercation between Léon Rollo (Leo McKern, left) and Noël Carradine (Ferdy Mayne).

will probably go on for ever, though (even if I like it at the moment better than for some time past) I cannot understand entirely why, of all the late Victorian farces, "Charley's Aunt" should have become the gambol-in-chief.

But let me introduce the four figures in my group. The Dean of the unnamed college is acted by Llewellyn Rees; and Mr. Rees is, for me—as he has been on other occasions—an expression of sanity in a wild world. He appears now in "My Friend Judas," by Andrew Sinclair, at the Arts, a play (originally a novel) set at the University of Cambridge in, remarkably, "the present." The Dean's sole task is to "send down" one of the deadliest—and I mean deadly dull—characters in the modern theatre: a cynical, oh-so-wicked child whose silliness affects me like the bleak dripping of a tap that needs a new washer. Jeremy Spenser, a very good actor, does all intelligence can to conceal the character's utter lack of intelligence; but I cannot see why the pestilential creature, and the other bratlings of "My Friend Judas," should have been allowed to fill so worthy a stage as that of the Arts.

It is enough, perhaps, to say that the piece, with its curious muddle of juvenile diabolism, nymphomania, and down-to-earth gruntings (supplied by the young man with the grittily monosyllabic name of Ben Birt, who calls himself a "Marlon of the Midlands"), is saved only by the rich common sense of the Dean. But since that common sense, spoken now by Mr. Rees with much relish, thrusts the remainder of the piece endways, why was "My Friend Judas" inflicted upon us at all? Well, never mind: it was a pleasure to watch an alertly responsive actress, Dudy Nimmo.

In the background hovered a college "scout," played by Gordon Phillott. It must be three years since I saw this actor playing Brassett in "Charley's Aunt" and bringing a mellow truth of his own to an otherwise churned-up production. I thought of this when I met "Charley's Aunt" again the other night, staged now by Derek Salberg's repertory company at the Alexandra,

the play in which she appears. She is there often as a watcher; it is a part the dramatist has not treated thoroughly, and yet in retrospect it is sharper than the others: this is due, I think, to the actress, Freda Jackson. Not many artists have Miss Jackson's gift of setting herself, at one stroke, within a play. She has never been known to loiter round the edges: she speaks and she is there, a character established. So it is in John Arden's "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" (Royal Court), where she keeps a public-house in a winter-clenched, isolated North of England mining town: period, late 'seventies. She does not say much, but she broods and listens; and it is her watchful, stern figure that preserves the play in memory.

I am not denying the bitter force of Ian Bannen, who has to command the occasion as Serjeant Musgrave himself; the trouble is that



THE TERRIFIED ANNIE (PATSY BYRNE) IS UPBRAIDED BY SERJEANT MUSGRAVE (IAN BANNEN): A SCENE FROM JOHN ARDEN'S PRIZE-WINNING PLAY "SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE," WHICH OPENED AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE ON OCTOBER 22.

Jackson, were she given the part, could shake a theatre as one wants to feel it shaken. Still, it is not the night one had hoped, and Lindsay Anderson has set a very slow pace.

So to the fourth figure: Léon Rollo, as he is acted at the Strand by Leo McKern in Felicity Douglas's version of Marcel Achard's Parisian comedy, "Patake," now called simply "Rollo."

Basically a slight piece, needing, I think, a smaller theatre than the Strand, it rests upon the exuberant resource of Mr. McKern. The revengeful Rollo, who has always hated a former school-fellow, polished and sophisticated, on whom he sponges, is an uncontrolled extrovert. On the first night he reminded me very much of Toad of Toad Hall (a part that Mr. McKern has played). Vocally, he managed everything between a roar and a croak. It is a most happy exhibition of comic bravura, and the making of the play: our friend Rollo in Mr. McKern's Dance.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

**"ONE MORE RIVER"** (Westminster).—This splendidly exciting drama is transferred from the Duke of York's, with the same cast headed by Paul Rogers and Robert Shaw. (November 3.)

**"AUNT EDWINA"** (Fortune).—Henry Kendall and Margaretta Scott in a new comedy by William Douglas Home. (November 3.)

**"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"** (Belgrade, Coventry).—Robert Marsden in a revival of John Drinkwater's famous chronicle. (November 3.)

**"AND SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING"** (Duke of York's).—Jack Popplewell's play, with Margaret Lockwood and Yolande Donlan. (November 4.)

"ON THE BEACH": SCENES FROM A FILM OF THE END OF MANKIND.



GREGORY PECK AND AVA GARDNER AS THEY APPEAR IN THE FILM OF NEVIL SHUTE'S NOVEL "ON THE BEACH." THE STORY DEALS WITH THE EFFECTS OF A NUCLEAR WAR IN 1964.

GREGORY PECK AND FRED ASTAIRE (RIGHT), PUZZLED BY GARBLED RADIO SIGNALS FROM CALIFORNIA. LIFE HAS BEEN WIPE OUT IN ALL THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.



A SUBMARINE CREWMAN FINDS THERE IS NO LIFE IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. AUSTRALIA IS THE ONLY INHABITED PLACE LEFT BUT IT, TOO, IS THREATENED BY RADIATION.

THE CAUSE OF THE GARBLED SIGNALS: A BOTTLE CAUGHT IN A BLINDCORD TAPPING ON A SEMAPHORE MACHINE. IT WAS THE LAST HOPE.



AS RADIATION THREATENS AUSTRALIA, MERCY PILLS TO FORESTALL THE AGONIES OF A SLOW DEATH ARE DISTRIBUTED TO THE FORLORN POPULATION.



AS IT IS REALISED THAT THERE IS NO HOPE OF SURVIVAL, CROWDS GATHER TO LISTEN TO THE SALVATION ARMY TELLING THEM "THERE IS STILL TIME."

The film "On the Beach" is drawn from the novel of the same name by Nevil Shute. It takes place supposedly in the not-too-distant future, in 1964, when, due to the effects of nuclear warfare, the whole of the Northern Hemisphere is wiped out. Only Australia and a U.S. Navy submarine commanded by Commander Dwight Towers (Gregory Peck) survive the general disaster. But not for long. The dreaded radiation threatens and finally overwhelms the helpless continent. However, before this last catastrophe, the submarine, with

Fred Astaire as a nuclear physicist on board, returns to the West American coast to see whether there is any hope of a decrease in the rate of radiation. It is all in vain; San Francisco is a ghost city; radiation, against all hopes, is not decreasing. The film is concerned with the reactions of some of the survivors to the realisation of their extinction. Some turn to mercy pills and some to the Salvation Army. The film's première takes place on December 17. The production is by Stanley Kramer and it is released through United Artists.

DURING the years which I spent in serving established organisations, rather than in creating and maintaining my own, I have been fortunate to work under four chiefs who were all men of remarkable personality. These were the late Lord Camrose, the late Lord Lloyd, Lord Rootes and Lord Woolton. All were peers of the first creation, and earned the honour by the signal services which they were able to render to the country in the various spheres of newspaper proprietorship, proconsular government, industry and politics. I shall have warm tributes to pay to each of these great men when, if ever, I come to write my memoirs, and it is agreeable to find that one of them has forestalled me by having a nice word or two to say about myself in the course of his own! Lord Woolton's MEMOIRS naturally cover the whole of his career, not merely the years when I knew him best at Conservative Central Office, and I have been much interested to follow the development of a mind which I appreciated as keen, incisive, generous and humane. "Uncle Fred" was the nickname by which we knew him—and by which (I like to think) he enjoyed being known. But no one should be misled by the nickname into supposing that Lord Woolton's character consisted of nothing but a fuzzy geniality.

On one occasion, when Sir Winston had been complaining to a number of his political colleagues that whenever men trained in business had come into Government, it had been disastrous, the late Mr. Oliver Stanley said: "How are you going to explain Woolton?" Whereupon Sir Winston turned a beaming smile on to the latter and said: "But, my dear Fred, surely you are not suffering from the delusion that the public regard you as a businessman—they think of you as a philanthropist."

Indeed, much of Fred Marquis's later thinking was conditioned by the voluntary social work which he carried out in Liverpool as a young man. Through the David Lewis Organisation he formed the business connections which were to establish him as chairman of the great firm of Lewis's, and these in turn brought him, reluctantly enough, to political office during and after the Second World War. He did not, however, formally join the Conservative Party until the day of that party's defeat in 1945—a gesture of typical generosity acknowledged by Sir Winston in the comment that while many people had joined him in success, that was the first time that anyone had asked to join him in defeat. Lord Woolton's tremendous contribution to rebuilding the Conservative Party machine—a task in which I was privileged to help him as his first Director of Information Services—is well known. For many, the interest of this book will lie primarily in the author's search for the cause and cure of poverty, which runs like a connecting thread throughout his career. His conclusions, which I shall not attempt to summarise, show just those qualities of heart and head, of sound judgment and warm good nature, with no trace of sentimentality, which I shall always associate with one under whom I was proud to serve.

Readers will perhaps forgive me for thus "declaring my interest," as they say in Parliament, at some length. The rest of my week's reading forms an interesting, and sometimes amusing contrast.

For example, another autobiography, this time by that distinguished diplomatist, Sir Geoffrey Thompson, could scarcely be more different from the memoirs of the social worker, great businessman-turned-politician, Lord Woolton. Sir Geoffrey (and here again I must declare my interest) is a friend whom I first met in the 'thirties when he was an immensely able, if (still to my mind) wrong-headed, Consul-General in Barcelona.

Some people attract excitement and danger. Mr. Peter Kemp, for example, is one of them. Sir Geoffrey is another. The normal gold-braided world of diplomacy (do I remember rightly the old Foreign Office Regulations which lay down that the gold braid on the front of an Ambassador's full dress uniform should be 4½ ins. at the bottom, but "to spread across the chest according to figure") was far removed from the exciting experiences of this most unorthodox diplomat. An amateur soldier of some considerable gallantry in the First World War, Sir Geoffrey never seems to have failed, in the diplomatic career, which he entered almost by accident, to have marched to the sound of guns. Sometimes it is a counter-revolution, as in Spain (and, as I say, I have not the slightest sympathy with Sir Geoffrey's left-wing views on that country), sometimes in Turkey, where a bomb intended for Herr von Papen blew his windows in. Wherever Sir Geoffrey went, an explosion, political or literal, was likely to take place.

Sir Henry Wootton made the classic description of a diplomat in the early 17th century, when he

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

said he was "an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country." To "die abroad" is not part of his task. Nevertheless it is seldom given to a British diplomat to be as often in the front line as Sir Geoffrey Thompson's admirable and exciting book FRONT LINE DIPLOMAT shows him (with becoming modesty) to have been.

For the first time, I found it a disadvantage to have read and remembered a passage from

### CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT cannot be said that the latest England v. Holland affair had an entirely satisfactory outcome. The score, England 7½, Holland 12½, speaks rather too loudly. It did two satisfactory things. It introduced A. R. Pitt, almost overnight, to the entire chess-playing public as a first-class organiser; and it introduced Sir George Dowty as a patron whose interest in the game (he is a more than competent player, we learn) may result in more international chess in Cheltenham in future years.

If any one factor contributed more than others to our defeat, I feel it was that too many of our leading players feel they have done their bit if they achieve a fifty-fifty score. One player agreed a draw with a more or less even position but with his opponent down to a few minutes for his next fourteen moves—he might at least have given the Dutchman a chance to go wrong. Others gained a shade of advantage but felt it was not enough to win....

Meanwhile, inevitably, on some of the other boards our players were getting into trouble without exactly knowing why, and on these boards the Dutchmen were by no means so accommodating.

Just as, to keep the population stable, some couples must have more than three children to compensate for those who have none, so I feel that in these matches each player should feel it is his duty to score at least a win and a draw if he can. What a difference that might make—but perhaps I am being merely naive?

The most impressive game to me, in the first round, was one of those which got beyond our man's control.

#### NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

J. H. DONNER	P. H. CLARKE	J. H. DONNER	P. H. CLARKE
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	N-KB3	8. P-QR3	B×N
2. P-QB4	P-K3	9. P×B	P×BP
3. N-QB3	B-N5	10. B×BP	Q-B2
4. P-K3	P-B4	11. B-N5	P-QN3
5. B-Q3	P-Q4	12. R-K1	R-Q1
6. N-B3	Castles	13. B-N2	B-N2
7. Castles	N-B3	14. P-K4	Q-B5

We have just about reached the limit of accepted opening theory and are in situations where masters are experimenting, trying to find the best way of proceeding. Black's last move turns out to be a serious mis-step. He should have played 14....P-K4. In reply, 15. P-Q5 would do little harm, as any further advance by the queen's pawn would subsequently make it look very lonely.

15. P-K5!

Of course! Now the queen is cut off and liable to be trapped and the way is wide open for all White's pieces to attack Black's denuded king's side.

15. .... N-Q4      16. B-Q3

Adding 17. R-K4 to the other threats. Black adopts a desperate defence.

16. .... P-B4! ?      18. Q-B2  
17. P×P e.p. Q×BP

The winning move: now 19. P-B4 followed by P-Q5 is superimposed on all the other threats—leaving Black no time to protect the KRP.

18. .... P×P      22. B-B1      R(Q1)-QB1  
19. B×Pch      K-R1      23. Q-N2      K-N1  
20. P×P      N(B3)-K2      24. B-N5      Q-B2  
21. B-K4      N-B4      25. N-K5      Q-R4?

A final fatal waste of time. Better 25....Q-K1 at once. White's next threatens 26. P-N4.

26. Q-Q2      Q-K1      29. B-N6      Q-QB1  
27. P-QR4      R-B2      30. QR-B1      R-B6  
28. P-N4      N-Q3      31. B-K7!      N-B5

If 31....N×B? 32. R×R.

32. B-B7ch Resigns

If 32....K-R2, 33. Q-N5.

J. B. Morton! THE VALADON STORY, by John Storm, is about the painter Suzanne Valadon, her husband André Utter, and her son, Maurice Utrillo. I can only say that this trio of undoubted geniuses were a most unattractive lot—but J. B. Morton gives you the atmosphere better than I can:

So Van Dongen is to have an exhibition in London. Well, well! Van Dongen, with whom I used to take

a book at the *Vache qui Chante*, while Gornowics expounded Cubism, and Fracas, the poet, recited his verses to the waiters. . . . And now Van Dongen is famous and the old *Chevre qui Murmure* is an auction room, and nobody goes to the *Mirliton*. . . . Dear Zola, I wonder where he is now. I wonder.

It is a far cry from the Paris of Impressionism to the galleons of the Spanish Armada. I should have enjoyed Professor Garrett Mattingly's THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA more if he had not tried so desperately hard to make me enjoy it! This he was always unlikely to achieve by the use of deliberately sloppy phrases: "At the moment, he (the Earl of Essex) and Walter Raleigh were glowering at each other like rival schoolboys, which was silly of the earl and reminded one how young he was."

Nevertheless, in spite of these professional giggles and capers the book shows some real scholarship and is of the greatest interest—though an Irishman may be forgiven for regarding his description of the disaster of the galleons on the rocks of Galway and Clare as perfunctory and misleading.

THE DIARIES OF JOHN RUSKIN are a very different cup of scented tea. This is the third and final volume, covering the years 1874–1889. For the student of Ruskin, these publications are, of course, invaluable. But the ordinary reader, who does not mind neurotic Victoriana, may well get some macabre pleasure out of them.

Now for some novels. Mr. Peter Forster's THE RIGHT PEOPLE is a study in "love not finding a way." Mark Lemming, a penniless, half-Jewish painter, is heavily defeated in his assault on the social barricades when he falls in love with "socialite" Ellen Stonor. He missed—I assure you—nothing at all. The only real piece of ingenuity, apart from some all too convincing nasty character drawing, consists in the solution to the problem whether Ellen had originally intended to commit suicide or not.

Not for the world would I reveal this simple little secret. And I will respect the earnest plea of the publishers not to reveal the twist in the tail of Vincent Brome's SOMETIMES AT NIGHT. But I ask myself, why all the fuss? To me, the twist was visible a mile off. But I found this story of underground publication, betrayal, love and neurosis in occupied Paris quite well worth reading.

So was THE INDEPENDENT, by Terence Newman, a tale of the fight for control of an independent weekly, with some nasty characters on the Board, a managing editor who keeps on making disagreeable discoveries about himself, and a Communist literary editor. There is a lot of very good stuff in this book, and I thoroughly recommend it.

With a nice title such as EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG, Mr. Malcolm Bradbury should have had some amusing fare to offer. But I am afraid that I was not amused—much. Even a light jesting touch cannot really wipe out the boredom implicit in the reddest of red-brick universities, espresso bars, and angry young men and women. But you will, if you read this book, like the African student, Mr. Eborebelosa.

CAFE CELESTE, by Françoise Mallet-Joris, has won, I do not know why, a Prix Fémina award. It has a good Montmartre atmosphere, and some delicately seedy characters, but I felt that it had all been done too often before.

#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF WOOLTON. (Cassell; 30s.)

FRONT LINE DIPLOMAT, by Sir Geoffrey Thompson. (Hutchinson; 25s.)

THE VALADON STORY, by John Storm. (Longmans; 21s.)

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, by Garrett Mattingly. (Cape; 25s.)

THE DIARIES OF JOHN RUSKIN, 1874–1889, selected and edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse. (Oxford University Press; 70s.)

THE RIGHT PEOPLE, by Peter Forster. (Hutchinson; 16s.)

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, by Vincent Brome. (Cassell; 15s.)

THE INDEPENDENT, by Terence Newman. (Cassell; 15s.)

EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG, by Malcolm Bradbury. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)

CAFE CELESTE, by Françoise Mallet-Joris. (W. H. Allen; 16s.)

Correction: The price of "4th Hussar," by David Scott Daniell (Gale and Polden), is 2 gns. and not 4 gns. as stated in our issue of October 14.



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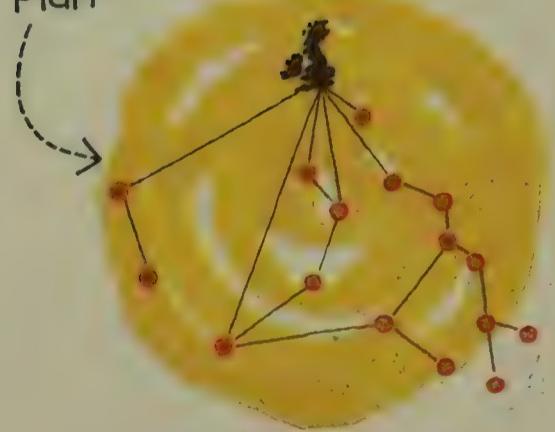
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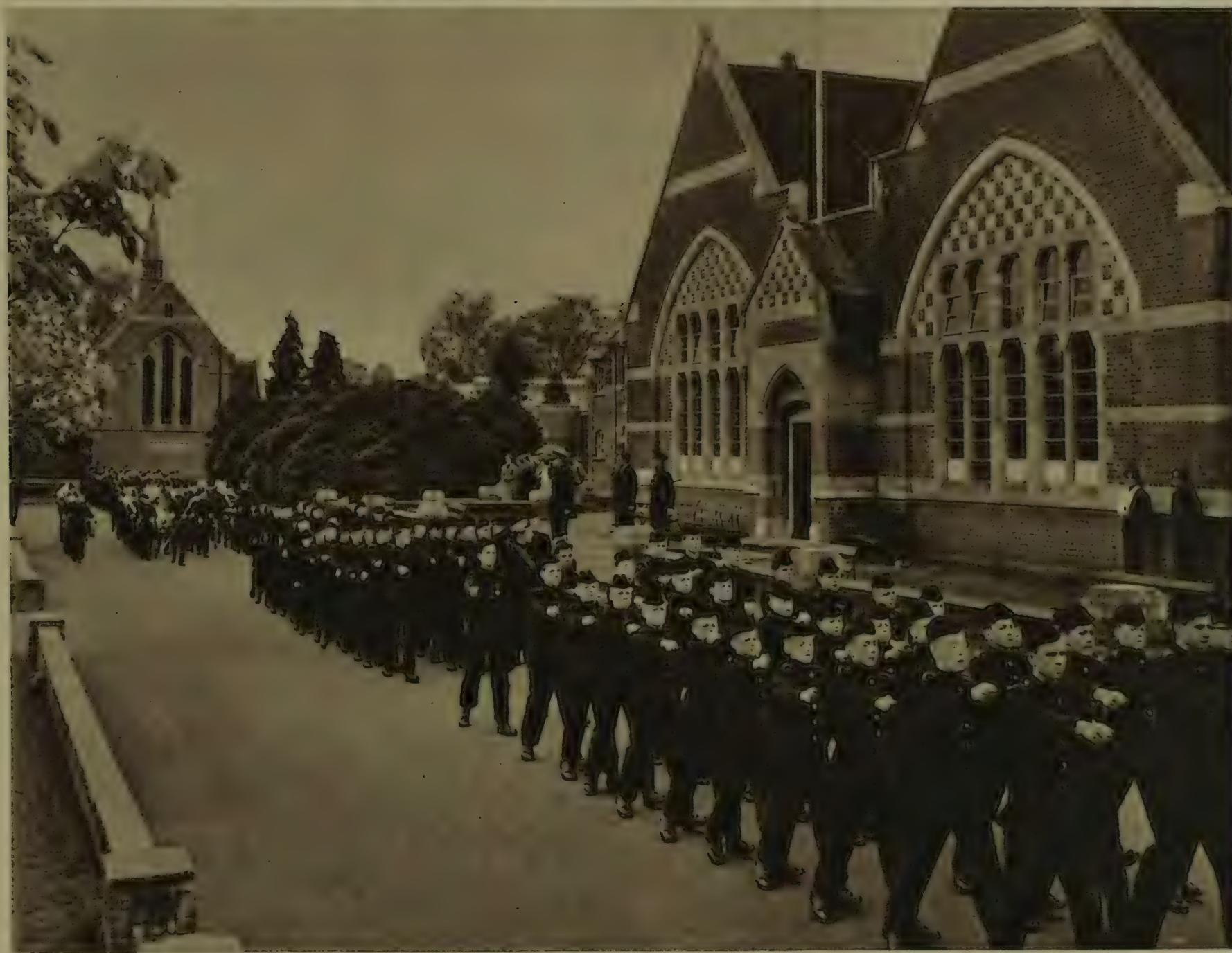
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THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XL.  
THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL.



A SINGLE SMARTLY TAKEN : A CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS, WITH THE VICTORIAN SCHOOL BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE SCHOOL TEAM HAS A FINE RECORD.



THE MARCH-PAST AFTER CHURCH PARADE. TAKING THE SALUTE ARE THE COMMANDANT, WITH THE HEADMASTER, MR. G. LEADBEATER, AND THE ASSISTANT COMMANDANT, LT.-COL. E. SAWYER, M.B.E.

The Gordon Boys' School, Woking, is the National memorial to General Gordon. After his death in Khartoum in 1885 a fund was opened, largely at the instance of H.M. Queen Victoria, by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Nottage, in order to provide an endowment to found a school for the education of boys of good character but in poor and needy circumstances, to continue the work which Gordon started among the boys of Gravesend. The beginnings were at Fort Wallington, where in 1885 about 100 boys joined the

School under the first Commandant, Major-General H. Tyndall, C.B. The present buildings were begun in 1885 and finished and occupied in 1887. In the early years the education was confined largely to technical training, but in the course of years more and more attention has been given to purely academic training, and nowadays each boy is educated according to his individual capabilities in academic and practical subjects. The School has been run on military lines since its foundation, and is now, as [Continued overleaf]

## THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL: LIFE AT A SCHOOL



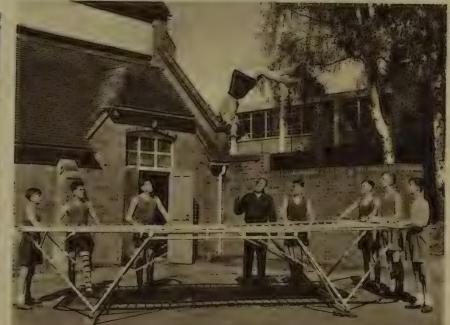
(Left)  
BOYS RELAXING IN THE RECREATION ROOM WITH DIFFERENT MAGAZINES.  
THE SAME PICTURE BY JOY OF GENERAL GORDON'S LAST STAND, OBTAINED BY THE GORDON BOYS THROUGH THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, IS ON PERMANENT LOAN FROM THE LEEDS ART GALLERY.



(Below)  
LEARNING THE MUSIC FOR THE ROARING SCHOOL MARCH-PAST: MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL BAND, WELL EQUIPPED WITH THEIR CLARINETS, BUGLES AND FRENCH HORNS—BEING INSTRUCTED BY MR. E. R. G. PALMER, M.A.E.



A RECENT ADDITION TO THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS: THE TECHNICAL TRAINING WING OPENED BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY IN JULY 1959.



A SOARING SPRING ON THE TRAMPOLINE, EXECUTED BY TOMAS JUVENT, ONE OF THE TWO HUNGARIAN BOYS AT THE SCHOOL, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. C. MANN.



A SCENE IN THE LIBRARY ERECTED IN MEMORY OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR J. A. SIMMONS. THE REPLICA OF THE GORDON STATUE WAS PRESENTED BY THE SUDANESE ASSOCIATION.



THE SCHOOL BAND MARCHING ON FOR CHURCH PARADE WITH GRAVESEND, ONE OF THE FOUR HOUSES NAMED AFTER PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH GENERAL GORDON, IN THE BACKGROUND.

*Continued*, far as is known, the only private boarding school in the British Isles which has retained this tradition, and where the boys wear a military uniform. It is significant that they are extremely proud of both. The original Charter is still faithfully adhered to and no bona fide candidate, however necessitous, has been refused admittance provided he was suitable as regards character and education. In addition to these "Foundations," the School is open to any boy, within the limits of its capacity (about

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London

## FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF A GREAT SOLDIER.



(Left)  
A BUSY SCENE IN THE TAILOR'S SHOP, WHERE ALL THE UNIFORMS ARE MADE. THE SCHOOL IS THE ONLY PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL IN THE BRITISH ISLES WHERE BOYS WEAR MILITARY UNIFORM.

(Right)  
THE HANDING OVER AT THE ALTAR OF THE SCHOOL COLOUR (PRESENTED BY PRINCE PHILIP) TO THE SCHOOL PADRE, THE REV. V. A. GILES. THIS CEREMONY HAS TAKEN PLACE EVERY SUNDAY SINCE 1954. THE CHAPEL IS DEDICATED TO EDWARD THE CONFESSOR AND IS A ROYAL CHAPEL.



AN ACTIVE SCENE IN THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM: FOUR OF THE SENIOR BOYS SHOWING THEIR SKILL IN THE STRENUOUS AND FAST-MOVING GAME OF BADMINTON.



FINDING THE FOCAL LENGTH OF A CONVEX LENS, WITH THE USE OF AN OPTICAL BENCH: A SCIENCE CLASS BEING SUPERVISED BY MR. J. SCHOFIELD IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY.



IN THE GORDON MUSEUM, WHICH CONTAINS MANY RELICS FROM KHARTOUM: A BOY SHOWING INTEREST IN SOME OF THE FRAMED ARABIC NOTES ISSUED BY GENERAL GORDON DURING THE SIEGE.



J. H. DODD, WHO IS A GREAT-NEPHEW OF THE PAINTER TURNER, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A PROMISING LANDSCAPE IN THE ART AND CRAFTS ROOM.

with trousers of Gordon Tartan, has changed little since the School was formed, but the "day uniform," which consists of shorts, blue jacket and tie and gillangarry, was brought into use by the late King Edward VII, who was Chairman of the School, when the Duke of York became the Duke of Clarence. This uniform was built as a memorial to the late H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. At the Queen's wish it was dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, and the opening in 1904 was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, later King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. The four Houses in the School are named after places connected with General Gordon's career. The Junior House is Woolwich, where Gordon was born; the other Houses are China, Gravesend and Khartoum, the last being the senior House, which takes the "right of the line" on parade. The School is governed by an Executive Committee, whose first Chairman was Lord Napier of Magdala. Queen Victoria herself was very anxious to become Chairman, but as this was not feasible for a reigning [Continued overleaf]

News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL: THE SOUNDING OF RETREAT; AND A PARADE.



THE SOUNDING OF RETREAT. ALL BOYS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE DOING, STAND TO ATTENTION AND FACE THE FLAG AS IT IS LOWERED.



STANDING TO ATTENTION DURING RETREAT, WHICH IS SOUNDED AT 4.30 P.M. IN THE WINTER AND AT 8.30 P.M. IN THE SUMMER.



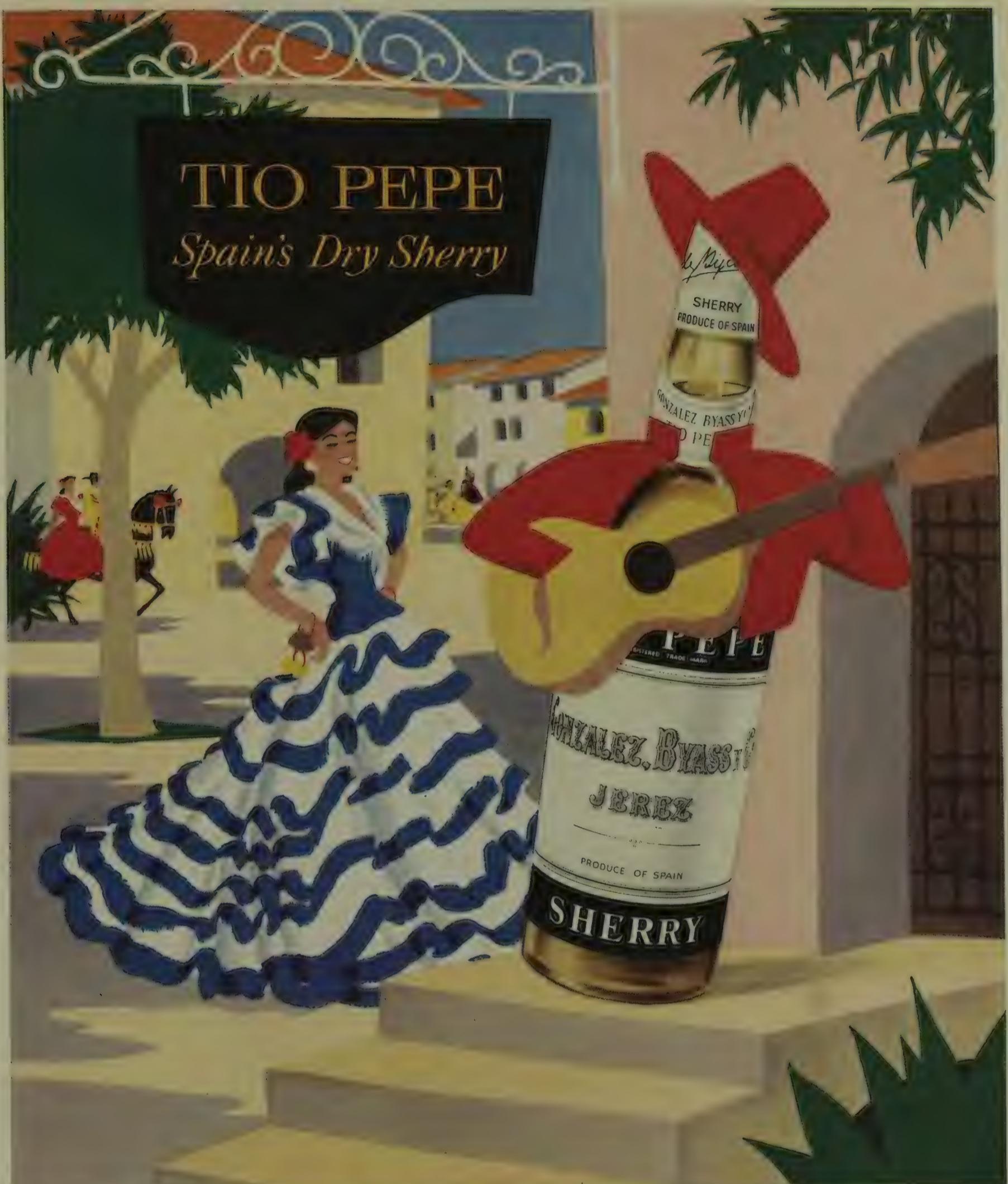
WITH GRAVESEND HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND: KHARTOUM HOUSE BEING INSPECTED BY THE COMMANDANT, BRIGADIER F. C. NOTTINGHAM, D.S.O., O.B.E., DURING THE CHURCH PARADE.

*Continued.]* Monarch she then became Patron, the first of a line of Sovereign Patrons, whose interest in the School has never flagged. One of the features of the School is the Gordon Museum, in which are many exhibits connected with Gordon, including the "Yellow Jacket," his cane, which the Chinese called "The Magic Wand of Victory," and many exhibits of the Siege of Khartoum, including the famous last message: "I am quite happy, Thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty." Since H.R.H.



TO SEE IF ALL HANDS ARE CLEAN: WOOLWICH, THE JUNIOR HOUSE, HAVING HANDS INSPECTED BY THE HOUSE CORPORAL BEFORE DINNER.

the Duke of Edinburgh visited the School in 1955, the technical shops, which had been in existence for seventy years and were outdated, have been replaced by a new technical wing. This will cater for art, technical drawing, woodwork and engineering classes, and was opened by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery in July 1959. The School's most recent possession is the Gordon Statue from Khartoum, which arrived in April 1959. The designing of the plinth and setting of this famous statue are being considered.



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Original of the map, dated 1614, is in the Library of Congress, U.S.A. This reproduction is made from a copy dated 1616 in the Map Room of the British Museum.



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# THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

## CAR OF THE MONTH—THE TRIUMPH HERALD COUPE.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE Triumph *Herald* saloon was chosen as the car of the month during July, but owing to the printing dispute the article did not appear. I have since tested the coupé version of this remarkably interesting car; and although in appearance it is the same as the saloon up to the waistline, nevertheless the coupé top gives it quite a distinctive air.

But there are other more important differences, of a technical nature, which give it a distinctive performance. The engine is fitted with two S.U. H.1 carburettors instead of the saloon's single Solex instrument. It also has the slightly higher compression ratio of 8.5 to 1, and develops 42.5 b.h.p. net at 5500 r.p.m. against the 38.5 b.h.p. at 4500 r.p.m. of the saloon. Then the final drive ratio is 4.55 to 1 instead of 4.875 to 1 on the saloon.

There is another good reason why I tested the *Herald* coupé. The opportunity arose to cover some hundreds of miles in France with it, and French roads provide a much more searching test than do our English highways. While there are some excellent smooth-surfaced French roads, there are also some very indifferent stretches, particularly on the verges of fast bends. Again, the long straights of the French roads, on which one can see ahead for some miles, and their comparative freedom from traffic once the holiday season is over, allow much higher average speeds to be maintained.

Now the coupé is approximately 10 m.p.h. faster than the saloon, rather more than less, so that in itself it provides a more searching test of the special features of construction if the extra performance is utilised. The constructional features are the combination of a cleverly designed chassis frame with a steel body consisting of a number of sub-assemblies bolted together and to the frame. The body is not stressed, therefore, as it is in the case of unitary construction, and does not contribute to the strength and rigidity of the frame. The rear suspension, too, is independent by a single transverse half-elliptic spring and swinging half-axle shafts.

The extra liveliness of the coupé becomes apparent as soon as one begins to drive it. First gear is useful for getting off the mark and may be held up to 20 m.p.h. if necessary, but there is no point in overstressing a willing engine and a quick change to second would normally be made. On second a maximum of 35 m.p.h. is available before valve bounce sets in, but again there is no point in reaching maximum r.p.m. unnecessarily.

Third gear is a particularly useful one; it gives a very steady rate of acceleration from 10 m.p.h. to 60 m.p.h. with an increment of 20 m.p.h. in about 10 secs., a little less in the lower speed range and a little more at the higher speeds, and is thus admirable for overtaking.

The gear-box is pleasing to handle and the short remote-control central-lever encourages its use. From rest to 30 m.p.h. through the gears takes 6.6 secs., and to 60 m.p.h. only 23.7 secs., and considering that the engine is of only 948 c.c. these figures are certainly creditable.

Throughout its speed range the engine remains very smooth running. The car cruises at 70 m.p.h. very quietly so far as mechanical noise is concerned, but with a window open for ventilation—the weather was sunny and hot, and the temperature approaching 80 degs. F.—there is naturally some wind and road noise.

Despite the high ambient temperature, a cruising speed of 70 m.p.h. did not take the needle of the water thermometer out of its normal range on the dial. Even many miles at 75 m.p.h., with bursts of full-throttle which pushed the speedometer needle to an indicated 85 m.p.h. when circumstances were favourable, caused no symptoms of overheating. When the engine was switched off after such a test there was no running on.

Compared with my run from the Midlands to Dover, the French roads were almost deserted. The little *Herald* easily put 55 miles into the hour, therefore, and on one occasion achieved 60. This is more than a tribute to the sweet running little engine, for it says much for the suspension and the handling of the car. It also suggests that the brakes are at least good enough to inspire confidence in the driver, as indeed they are.

Over road stretches so bad that attention was called to their condition by notice-boards it rode steadily and comfortably. There was naturally an increase in road noise, and one knew that both front and rear wheels were not having an easy time, but the body was singularly unaffected. The wheel movements had no adverse effect on the car's path and only very seldom could I feel any reaction at the steering wheel.

On corners there is a pleasing absence of roll, thanks to the firmness of the suspension and the front anti-roll bar. Indeed, I found that the *Herald* coupé rode bad surfaces as well as any of the Continental cars and better

than some, confirming my previous judgment of its saloon sister, albeit the coupé was tested more searchingly.

The seats are comfortable and give adequate support, so that a run of nearly 300 miles left me feeling quite fresh and free from that slight ache just between and above the shoulders that I invariably experience if the driving seat is not quite right. The controls are conveniently placed, too, the two-spoked steering wheel being at a comfortable angle and not too close, and giving a good view of the speedometer and fuel gauge.

The switching layout for the lamps is excellent for Continental use. A master switch on the fascia puts them on or off according to what has been selected by a lever switch projecting to the left beneath the steering wheel. In its upper position this gives sidelamps only, in its centre position headlamps on high beam, and in its lower position headlamps dipped. Thus headlamps can be flashed at a road junction in the Continental manner. The drawback is that when passing from dipped to high-beam lighting one can inadvertently move the lever through to sidelamps only. A simple modification to avoid this should be possible.

A similar lever switch projecting to the right controls the flashing signal lights, which I consider are essential for Continental use because they are so well known. The screen-washer, too, was invaluable in helping to keep the accumulation of flies on the screen down to reasonable proportions.

The boot is generous in size, and for a long tour additional luggage can be carried by folding down the squab of the occasional rear seat, which is only intended to accommodate two children.

Altogether some 1000 miles were covered in the *Herald* coupé and the overall petrol consumption worked out at 35 m.p.g. In hard driving this fell to about 31/32 m.p.g., but at more normal speeds was nearer 38 m.p.g. Despite the harsh treatment of bad roads deliberately taken at speed the car developed no body rattles, and on the return journey from Dover to the Midlands it was running as sweetly as on its outward journey. A Continental touring spares kit in the boot was untouched.

At a basic price of £515, or with Purchase tax £730 14s. 2d., the *Herald* coupé offers an attractive combination of comfort, performance and reliability at moderate cost.

### MOTORING NOTES

Now is the time to think of adding anti-freeze to radiators. Shell-Mex and B.P. have introduced two new brands of anti-freeze, Shell Anti-freeze and B.P. Anti-frost, which replace Snowflake Anti-freeze, now withdrawn from the market.

Since the Triumph *Herald* was introduced on the Australian market early in October it has been selling at a rate of 600 cars per day. Over 50 per cent. of its content is manufactured by Australian Motor Industries Ltd., in Melbourne.

Ford's new paint, trim and assembly building at Dagenham, which has cost £10,000,000, has now been completed. It is the final stage in the vast modernisation and expansion programme started five years ago.

For the second year running David Boshier-Jones has been declared National Hill-Climb Champion with 74 points gained in seven events, David Good being second with 62 points, and Tony Marsh third with 32.

In an R.A.C. Observed Test over 1066 miles through England, Scotland and Wales an Austin Seven "baby" saloon averaged 61.7 m.p.g. The driver was H. G. W. Kendrick, four times winner of the Mobilgas Economy run.

George Williams, formerly head of Castrol's international racing organisation, has been appointed Project and Development executive of the Wakefield Castrol group of companies. James Hill succeeds him as racing manager.

One of the major events in the international calendar, the eighth R.A.C. British Rally, starts from Blackpool at noon on Tuesday, November 17. A route of 1900 miles includes sprints at Charterhall, Aintree and Oulton Park, hill-climbs at Rest and Be Thankful, Prescott and Harleyford, near Marlow, and a speed test at Brands Hatch before the cars check in at the finish at Crystal Palace on Friday, November 20. On the following afternoon the climax is a series of five-lap races on the Crystal Palace circuit.



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